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## REVIEWS

*The Life of John Jebb, D.D., F.R.S., Bishop of Limerick, Ardfer, and Aghadoc.* By the Rev. C. Forster, B.D. &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Duncan.

THE life of a pious scholar, who shrunk from publicity, and whose literary career was arrested by disease at the moment it seemed to promise its greatest triumphs, presents few incidents likely to awaken public interest. Still, his bright example of Christian charity, his living evidence that a firm adherence to the doctrines of the Church is consistent with mildness and toleration, and the many proofs he received that the Irish Catholics may be won by gentleness and kindness, are important lessons, valuable at all times, but especially so at this moment, when too many seem inclined to revive controversial rancour and the bigotry of past ages. It is true, that the Irish Catholics had before shown that they knew how to value a good Christian bishop, though of a different creed. In the great civil war of 1641, Bishop Bedell became a prisoner to the northern insurgents, and found himself as safe, as respected, and as beloved in the hands of his captors, as if he were in the midst of his own flock. He became convinced that the insurrection of the northern Irish had been provoked by injustice; he is said, on good authority, to have drawn up, with his own hands, their declaration of allegiance, and of the causes that drove them to take up arms; when, seized by mortal illness, prayers were offered for his recovery by the whole insurgent army—the house in which he lay was surrounded by multitudes, supplicating Heaven to spare his valued life—at his death he was mourned as a father and a friend—and a Catholic priest pronounced the brief funeral oration, "*Requiescat in pace ultimus Anglorum!*" The mantle of Bedell fell on the shoulders of Jebb; they were both fondly attached to Biblical literature; they both felt the truth of the old adage, "*controversia prurit ecclesie scabies*," and, unfortunately, to complete the parallel, both lived in ages when doctrines of intolerance were deduced from the Gospel, and of mental thralldom from the Reformation.

In a former number of this Journal, we briefly sketched the circumstances of the excellent Bishop's useful life, and his biographer has borne testimony to our accuracy, especially in the description of his collegiate career: we shall, therefore, pass over his early life, and come at once to the time when he became rector of Abington, in the diocese of Cashel. Coming from a Protestant parish in the north, to one almost wholly Catholic in the south, he naturally felt some prejudices against those with whom his lot was now cast; but it is gratifying to find, in one of his earliest letters from Abington, dated March 1811, that he soon learned to appreciate the better traits in the character of the peasantry by which he was surrounded.

"We are, as yet, quite unmolested by disturbance. The people are to me civil and accommodating. And, though not well emerged from savageism, I cannot help admiring them, as fine specimens of human nature, with great capabilities, both mental and moral. Would that they were elicited by a bland, a judicious, and a patriotic policy."

His tenderness and affection for the poor met a noble reward. When all the surrounding

parts of the counties of Limerick and Tipperary were convulsed by Rockite commotions—when every week's Gazette consigned some new district to the tender mercies of the Insurrection Act—when Lieutenants Starlight and Moonlight denounced vengeance against all who claimed and all who paid rents, tithes, and priests' dues—when glebe-houses were almost universally converted into garrisons, and country-seats became petty fortresses—the parish of Abington remained undisturbed, and its worthy rector slept every night in tranquillity, with windows unbarred and doors unbolted. His own description of the manner of his intercourse with the peasantry, fully explains a phenomenon, to which, unfortunately, Ireland can furnish few parallels.

"In these trying times, it has been my lot, in common with multitudes of my brethren, to suffer my share of pecuniary inconveniences: it is gratifying, however, to feel, that I have not the least reason to complain of my parishioners, and that we are, mutually, on the best possible terms; nor, on my part, shall any fair and manly efforts be wanting, to keep things as they are: it has been my effort to blend firmness with conciliation; to act with the confidence of a man who is not afraid; and to let it be seen that, in the concessions which humanity, and, during the depreciation of agricultural produce, justice itself would demand, not even the suspicion of danger is an ingredient."

We cannot omit his charitable views of the Catholic religion, in a letter addressed to Dr. Southey, who had made some inquiries respecting the state and progress of Methodism in Ireland. There are, in the passage, one or two phrases which we would gladly have missed; but the substance is excellent.

"Our Roman Catholic population cling to their religion, with all its grossnesses; they love it, as the faith of their fathers; they would fight for it, as the religion of Irishmen; they revere it, as what they believe to be the exclusively genuine catholic and apostolic christianity; and, on all these grounds, think it would be idle and extravagant to expect much accession, from the ranks of popery, to the ranks of methodism. It must be added, too, that the Irish Romanists have, within their own system, substitutes for the most fascinating features of Wesleyan methodism. Their priests, like the itinerant methodist preachers, are drawn from their own rank of life: the practice of oral confession, corresponds to the practices observed in the class and band meetings; and the number of religious confraternities, into which the lowest and least educated can gain admission, constitute, as it were, a thorough system of methodism, within the heart of popery itself. It may now be asked, are the poor deluded victims to be for ever outcasts, without an effort for their recovery? I would answer, that, bad as things unquestionably are, there is still much religion among them, and that religion is progressive; that they have a submission to the will of God, as *his* will, which I never have met, in equal vigour and producibility, among the lower classes of protestants; that they submit with resignation to sickness, want, famine, as to visitations sent by the Almighty, instead of clamouring against them, as injuries inflicted by the misrule of man; that their habits, though slowly, are yet certainly improving; and that I trust they are advancing towards a preparedness for that state of things, when an improvement in the Roman catholic priesthood and Roman catholic gentry, will open a door for a reformation of the body at large."

After the king's visit to Ireland had terminated, a formidable insurrection burst forth on the Courtenay estates in the county of Limerick,

and rapidly spread over a great part of the south of Ireland. The leader of a faction, or, in other words, the head of one of those fighting clans, so abundant in the south of Ireland, grateful for the kindness shown him by Archdeacon Jebb, went to the glebe-house, apprised its owner of impending troubles, and proffered the services of himself and his clan to arrest the progress of insurrection. In our review of Bishop Jebb's Correspondence, we extracted a brief account of his noble conduct at this crisis, but the scene is so interesting, and the lessons it conveys so instructive, that we must extract Mr. Forster's more complete description:—

"Archdeacon Jebb instantly saw all the prospective advantages, and cordially entered into the good spirit, of this unprecedented proposition. In the moment in which the proposal was made, his resolution was taken; when \* \* \* withdrew, he immediately said, 'I will see our friend Mr. Costello (the Roman catholic parish priest of Abington), and propose to him our holding a meeting, next Sunday, after divine service, in his chapel; in order to our entering into resolutions for the preservation of the peace, in our hitherto peaceable and loyal parish.' The proposition was made and met in the same spirit. The Roman Catholic pastor entered cordially into his views: and it was agreed, that, upon the following Sunday (December 16), the clergy of the two communions should meet, after morning service, in the chapel of Murroe; and the Protestant rector, and the Roman catholic priest, should successively address the people, from the altar: 'a transaction (Mr. Jebb truly observes to Mr. Knox), the like of which I suppose never occurred, since the Reformation.' The appointed day arrived; and we proceeded, accompanied by General Bourke, after church service, to the chapel. Having ascertained that the celebration of Mass was over, we entered; advanced, through a crowded congregation, to the altar; and Archdeacon Jebb having been presented, at the close of an impressive exhortation, to his flock, by the priest, he addressed the people, from the altar, for fully half-an-hour. He was heard with breathless attention: some were affected to tears. All eyes were rivetted upon him, as he told the men of Abington, that he lived among them without a fear; that his doors were unbolted, his windows unbarred, and that they should remain so; for that the only safeguard he sought, was in the hearts of his parishioners; that he had now lived among them more than ten years; and had always found them, what he knew he should ever find them, a loyal, a peaceable, and an affectionate people. By men, women, and even the little children, this appeal was eagerly listened to; and the Resolutions, which he held in his hand, and which were proposed for adoption at its close, were received with a silent, but unanimous lifting-up of hands: the children, immediately in front of the altar, straining their little arms, that their hands too might be seen. At this affecting sight, several persons, at the same instant, cried out, 'The very children are lifting their hands!' The farmers and peasantry emulously crowded to the altar-rail, to subscribe their names, or their marks, to the proposed Resolutions; and what they then voluntarily promised, when the hour of trial came, they manfully performed. While the whole surrounding country became a scene of fire and bloodshed, Abington parish, to the end of the disturbances, continued (to borrow the expression of a distinguished statesman, who paid a visit to Archdeacon Jebb immediately after their termination), 'like Gideon's fleece, the only inviolate spot.'"

We shall add one proof of the strength of Archdeacon Jebb's safeguard, "the hearts of his parishioners," which occurred some years previously.

"A man of noted character, connected with a gang of robbers, had lived within a stone's throw of Abington glebe; after committing many distant depredations, it was at last determined on, by this robber and two of his companions, to attack the glebe-house. Knowing the defenceless state of the house, they met, accordingly at night, armed with blunderbusses, on the steps of the hall-door; when the wife of the leader of the gang, our near neighbour, discovering their intention, suddenly made her appearance; and declared, that, 'if any of them raised a hand to attack Mr. Jebb's house, she would herself swear against and prosecute them, though it were her own husband.' The robbers were at once panic-struck; and retired without raising any alarm; leaving the inmates of the house wholly unconscious of their danger and deliverance. Tierney, (the husband, and head of the gang), afterwards fled the country: when the fact transpired."

The conclusion of this "brief eventful history," fraught with important lessons to the patriot and the statesman, is highly honourable to the peasants of Abington.

"To return to Abington, and the eventful winter of 1821. By Archdeacon Jebb's provident care, at the suggestion of a judicious Roman catholic friend, a small military party was stationed in the parish, to aid the parishioners in keeping out insurgent emissaries and marauders; the local disturbances, in the south of Ireland, being usually first set on foot, by the agency of strangers, from other parts. The precaution in the present instance, though effectual, was perhaps unrequired; for it afterwards appeared, that, upon some threats being held out of a hostile visit to the parish, and to the glebe-house, on the part of the neighbouring insurgents, as they were reported to express themselves, 'to punish the people of Abington for their loyalty,' this true-hearted people had voluntarily, and secretly, pledged themselves to each other, that any attempt upon Abington Glebe, should be the signal for the parish to rise *en masse* upon the stranger assailants: the intention of course became known, for the threatened attempt was never made."

A circumstance so remarkable attracted much attention in England, and it was brought under the notice of parliament by Mr. Grant (now Lord Glenelg), at that time Chief Secretary for Ireland, by Lord Althorp (now Earl Spencer), and the late Lord Darnley. They expected that such an example must have produced the most happy effects, but though there were many who admired, there were few to imitate the rector of Abington.

Soon after this event Dr. Jebb was appointed Bishop of Limerick.

"It now appeared, that the principles upon which Bishop Jebb had lived and acted, while Rector of Abington, had lost nothing of their virtue, by his transfer to the See of Limerick. As in the humbler station, he had been on the best and happiest terms with the Roman catholic priests and their flock, so in the higher, he became on terms, at least equally good and happy with the Roman catholic bishop and his clergy. The venerable Bishop Toughy, while he conversed with him as a friend, honoured him as a christian bishop, and advised with him as fellow-labourers in the vineyard of their common Lord. The spirit of their ecclesiastical superior, diffused itself among the Roman catholic priesthood of Limerick. And one of the last walks taken by Bishop Jebb through the streets of that city, presented the gratifying sight of the protestant Bishop walking, arm in arm, with a Roman catholic priest; who, on taking leave, turned, and bent the knee, as to his own ecclesiastical superior."

The most memorable event in Bishop Jebb's public career was his defence of the Irish clergy in the House of Lords, June 10, 1824; this speech is too well known to require any comment on our part, but there is one passage descriptive of Irish absentees, so full of sad truth, so explanatory of one great cause of Irish misery, that we cannot pass it over:—

"There is a third class of which I am unable to speak in extenuating terms. My duty compels me (and it is a painful duty) to call them by the only

name which can describe them,—mere Irish absentees. *Irish absenteeism has no bowels of compassion*; it has no principles. I speak not here of individuals, I speak of the system. English proprietors of Irish estates have their hearts softened by the tenantry among whom they live. But pure Irish absenteeism has no such compensation. There are no present objects to keep the affections in healthful exercise; and where the affections are not thus exercised, they must wither and dry up. A distant tenantry never visited and never seen, under these circumstances, seems to be considered, like one of those ingenious contrivances which I have admired at his Majesty's Mint, a mere system of machinery for the putting forth of so much coin. I am compelled to say, and I grieve to say it, that the most afflicting parts of a clergyman's social duty consists in vain, fruitless efforts to wring a wretched dole, which might keep alive the starving paupers on his deserted estate, from the mere Irish absentee. This, with some honourable exceptions, barely sufficient to establish the rule, I can affirm to be the strict truth."

—*Jebb's Practical Theology.*

We have seen, in Bishop Jebb's letter to Dr. Southey, his opinion respecting the probabilities of converting the Irish Catholics. Towards the close of his career, he was unexpectedly brought into a position which tested the wisdom of his opinions, by the event which will long hold a conspicuous place in Irish history, the commencement of what was called the New Reformation. Mr. Forster has stated the circumstances very impartially, and we shall, therefore, quote his account.

"The Bishop was unable to partake the sanguine hopes and anticipations awakened by proceedings, at this period, publicly carried on, especially in the north of Ireland, for the conversion of her Roman Catholic population. The case of the parish of Askeaton, however, in his own diocese, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Richard Murray, which now came before him, while it fell properly under his cognizance, seemed, at the same time, to come, in its essential features, within the rules which, as a private clergyman, he had always prescribed to himself for his own guidance; Mr. Murray had not set out as a maker of proselytes; the work of reformation had been forced upon him, or rather upon the people themselves, by the violent opposition given on the part of the Roman Catholic priesthood, to the education of Roman Catholics in his parochial and private schools; and his part in the transaction had been chiefly confined to meeting, zealously, indeed, and indefatigably, but mildly and uncontroversially, the wishes of the population. With this exemplary clergyman, and with his amiable lady, it had been the Bishop's happiness to become previously well acquainted. No sooner had he been apprized, by public fame, of the character and extent of the religious movement at Askeaton, than he availed himself of his intimacy with its vicar, and confidence in him, to become acquainted with all the very interesting particulars. Among these, not the least interesting in Bishop Jebb's eye was, the fact, that the conversions at Askeaton had both preceded, and were altogether independent of, the reformation proceedings in the north of Ireland; and thus stood entirely apart from avowed and systematized schemes for proselyte-making."

Bishop Jebb went to Askeaton, and preached two sermons on the beauties of the Church Liturgy, in which he studiously avoided every allusion to a controversial topic. He wrote an account of the whole matter, in a spirit of Christian wisdom, to his friend Sir R. H. Inglis, and we recommend the perusal of these letters to all whose zeal is not sufficiently tempered by discretion. The following passage, especially, deserves attentive consideration.

"One thing I mean to press most strongly upon the clergy; that, if they are, by favourable openings, and by the course of events, rather than by their own seeking, led to make converts, they must first count the cost; they must give themselves, wholly, to the one great work of pastoral duty; and instruct, and train, and watch over the neophytes, as over their own children. Otherwise, it would be better

to leave them in the Church of Rome; for to relieve and release them from the shackles of a slavish system, without substituting the kindly, and perpetual watchfulness of an exact, though liberal discipline, would be to place them in a condition worse than their first state. The fear of the priest, of penance, of purgatory, removed, the poor people would, too probably, become most profligate and licentious; or, if of a better spirit, would return to the old Church, for the guidance and direction, which they have failed to find in ours. In either case, disgrace would be brought on the reformation; and, what is of infinitely more moment, in either case, immortal souls would be placed in very imminent danger."

To the same persons we recommend the following observations on the use of the Bible as a school-book; it is part of a letter to an unnamed friend, and it seems to have been a kind of anticipatory reply to the recent attacks made on the Irish system of national education.

"I do not like the use of the Scriptures, as a school-book; that is, as a book from which to learn the elements of reading. This practice, in my opinion, goes to desecrate the word of God... to render it, not familiar, but cheap and vulgar. It should ever be taken up, with mingled reverence and affection; but, surely, it is not thus, that children are apt to handle a *spelling-book*. My mind revolts from this usage: at the same time, I think it highly desirable, that selections from the Old Testament, and the historical parts of the New, should be read by the higher classes; and it might be well, if the reading of them were made a privilege, and a reward. Parts should be committed to memory; and those parts should be selected, most likely to engage the imagination and affections; for example, the history of Joseph, some of the Psalms; some of the parables, &c. &c. But I could wish to hear of your sister's little Scripture stories being generally used in schools."

We pass over the details of the Bishop's afflictive illness. Though struck down by disease, he ceased not to labour for the advancement of the cause to which he was devoted. His last original work was the Life of the Rev. Mr. Phelan, prefixed to an edition of his works. He also edited Burnet's Lives, and the Protestant Kemps; and he projected the Lives of Select Worthies of the Anglican Church, but was compelled by increasing infirmity to abandon the task. Thus, literally in the words of his friend Bishop Doane, (of America,) speaking of a kindred spirit,

With his armour on he fell.

Bishop Jebb's literary fame rests mainly on his Sacred Literature, a very able and original work on Biblical criticism, highly valued on the continent, especially in Germany; and its reception by the Episcopal church of America was most gratifying. With the leading prelates of the American church the bishop ever maintained an affectionate intercourse; and in the words of the Bishop of Ohio, "he was mourned in the New World as a father."

His published correspondence will not extend, indeed it scarcely maintains his fame. Privately, we know that he was well acquainted with modern literature; but to many it will seem strange that the correspondence of a prelate possessing such literary tastes and habits, should never once allude to Byron, Crabbe, Campbell, Moore, &c. We cannot conclude without an earnest recommendation of the work to the attentive perusal of every young clergyman.

*Rudiments of Physiology; in Three Parts.* By John Fletcher, M.D. Edinburgh, Carfrae; London, Longman & Co.

Of these parts two only are before us: the first on 'Organism,' and the second on 'Life as manifested in irritation;' the third, on 'Life as manifested in sensation and thought,' has yet to appear. On looking over the parts in our possession, we are led to think that the 'Meta-



physics of Physiology' would have been a more appropriate title; and in the substituted word is included several reasons why we ought to abstain from a formal analysis of the work that should bear it. The subject, indeed, is inviting; for what can be more interesting than the mechanism by which we live and have our being, or the search after the unknown link which connects the organization with its intellectual functions? But, exclusively of the impossibility of doing justice to such a subject within the largest limits compatible with the general objects of the *Athenæum*, we must decline plunging our readers, or ourselves, into that abyss of passion and of prejudice, which has, in our own time, swallowed up more than one scientific reputation. Our remarks, therefore, shall be few and superficial, leaving the *dignus vindice nodus* at the bottom, for those who are not afraid of bruising their fingers in its extrication. We object to the employment of the word 'Rudiments' to express the matter of Mr. Fletcher's very elaborate performance, because the subjects under discussion, so far from being elemental, embrace the most abstruse and elaborated abstractions obtainable from anatomy and the observation of the living animal. This, we apprehend, is not a mere verbal distinction, but involves the great defect to which physiological doctrine is liable. Physiology is a science of facts, or it is a dream; its rudiments, therefore, are the mass of particular phenomena which lead to general conclusions, and not any possible abstract universals, which, by an *à priori* argument, can draw with them particular consequences. It is usual, we admit, for teachers to open the subject by a view of such general ideas, and to give their hearers an anticipatory glance at the objects to which their labours are to be directed. This, however, is a mere matter of convenience; and the pupil is obliged to take such information upon the authority of his teacher, yielding to it a *pro tempore* acquiescence, until his acquaintance with the real rudiments of the science shall enable him to judge for himself. Now, the besetting sin of all inquiries into the causes of living phenomena, is the occasional tendency to confound these methods, and to lose sight of what *is*, in a misdirected search of what *must be*; and this it is that gives importance to a name. The senses being the common sources of all evidence—the only criterion from which there is no appeal—propositions can only become certain, in as far as the ideas they involve can be referred securely back to their sensitive types. The distinction which it has become fashionable to draw between the logic of the natural sciences and that of abstract entities, we hold to be utterly baseless. The notion, for instance, that our conclusions concerning space and time can have any other foundation of truth, than the sensible impressions we have received from matter occupying a definite place, and from its movements measured by some assumed standard of comparison, leads to an inextricable labyrinth of error. It is through this mistake, that the whole science (if science it be) of ontology is rendered a mere logomachy, in which the words, representing no sensitive originals, but only long trains of elaborate reasoning, are scarcely ever fixable to one constant and identical signification. In so far as this is true, the result of any reasoning process is not, as the German school assert, a lower degree of certainty, but a mere formula, like the  $x+y-z=0$  of the algebraist, in which the terms really stand for nothing whatever. In certainty, there are no degrees of comparison—what is not absolutely certain, is absolutely unknown. Certainty has no correlatives, but faith or ignorance; and the proposition, which is merely probable, is essentially undetermined.

In this particular, transcendental physiology so far resembles ontology, that, while the latter is conversant with expressions which represent no sensible types, and are therefore far removed from sensitive verification, the former turns upon physical data, which, from the imperfection of our organs, are equally beyond the scrutiny of the senses. Our positive knowledge of organism is bounded by the powers of the microscope; and these fall far short of penetrating to the *ipsissima sedes* of the living functions. Our knowledge beyond this point consists altogether in analogies from the known to the unknown; and as its certainty could only depend on the perfect identity of the facts from which the conclusion is to be drawn, those conclusions are obviously little to be depended on. To assume, therefore, the transcendental notions of anatomy and physiology as the rudiments of the science, is not merely to commence there, where certainty is rare, and doubt abundant, but to overlook the true nature and object of the science itself;—not that we mean to assert either that the writer before us stands precisely in this predicament, or that all general reasonings on physiology are barren and useless. Far otherwise: we hold that the writings of Bichat form an epoch in the science; that, to a certain point, the inferences obtained from such reasonings are trustworthy and fructiferous; and that Mr. Fletcher has generally pursued this line of investigation with considerable skill. Still, it is sufficiently apparent that this gentleman belongs to the Edinburgh school of philosophy; that metaphysics are his familiar element; and that, moving in it with grace and facility, he is drawn to it by a natural attraction, and occasionally transcends too far the limits of observed fact in his search after obscure conclusions. The habit of being contented with evidence less than that which is deemed conclusive in the sciences founded on observation and fact, cannot be more dangerous than when brought to the investigation of the natural sciences; and we confess that we greatly prefer the "*que sais-je?*" of Montaigne, to the most plausible theory which cannot be touched or tested.

But an example may perhaps be necessary fully to explain our meaning; and we have one in the author's theory of parasitical animals:—

"What is properly called generation, (he observes), is the formation or deposition, by organized beings, of other organized beings, capable of assuming the likeness of themselves; but it is not certain that they have not the power also of forming, in a similar way, many other organized beings, distinct, as well from themselves, as from each other. Of this nature are probably parasites: and when we consider that not only every animal, but almost every organ of every animal, has its own proper parasites, and no others; and that if not living animals, at least living tissues, such as tubercles, encephaloid tumours, melanoses, and schirri, are certainly the products of a specific deposition; and that it is more than probable that all these were at first a kind of parasites, possessing each its own rudiments of organic structure, and only by an ulterior process establishing an imperfect connexion with the contiguous parts; and that at least one kind of parasites, namely, hydatids, are often found in parts which are known to have suffered contusions, and have been even artificially produced by these means, we may be excused, if we feel disposed to entertain the belief that the parasites of animals *may be* as much the products of secretion as their own proper progeny."

Against the abstract possibility of the fact, we have nothing to say; and, taking the hypothesis as a romance, it does not want a sufficient poetic probability. But that it possesses any, the slightest, character of certainty, we utterly deny. The principal scaffolding of the reasoning on which it is founded, rests on the word "secretion." But secretion, as applied to the formation of the ovum, implies not only all that

belongs to the abstract idea, but also something more, which belongs to that particular secretion by which the ovum is produced. Of this, no unimportant part is the fact, that the process never occurs from contusion, or other accident; that it takes place only in a specific structure, whose specific function it is. For obvious reasons, we do not push our argument to the extent we might. In this analogy, therefore, there is much more in the conclusion than exists in the premises; and a simple recurrence to the true rudiment of science, observation, at once shows that the argument (however it may fare with the fact,) is worth exactly nothing.

In treating on the vital principle, Mr. Fletcher has risen superior to metaphysical temptation, and has, we think, set that question at rest, with all whose intellects are capable of entering into the merits of the question.

In doing justice to M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire's curious and philosophical researches, Mr. Fletcher justly derides the "would-be wit which has been opposed, by the puny self-sufficiency of persons who have not studied, and who are perhaps incapable of comprehending the stupendous bearings of a question like this, to the depth of research and extent of intelligence of those who have studied and mastered the subject." We therefore beg of him, before proceeding to a second edition, to review his note (a, p. 185), and consider how far this description is applicable to it. It is not so much whether wit, *in esse*, or *in voluntate*, is properly exerted on that particular occasion; but whether sarcasm is, in any case, a fit weapon for scientific warfare. For the rest, Mr. Fletcher's book will, no doubt, make a fuss in the schools of physiology, and prove an acceptable present to those who can think, whether they agree or not, with each, or all, of his several opinions.

#### *Six Months of a Newfoundland Missionary's Journal, from February to August, 1835. Smith & Elder.*

THE journal of any missionary, who sets forth on his pilgrimage with a benevolent anxiety to raise the moral condition of the people among whom he is to labour, must prove interesting, not merely to a circle of congenial thinkers, but to the world in general; for the devotion of heart which nerves him to the task, (wholly different, when combined with the sober practical sense referred to, from the frenzied impulses of fanaticism,) by no means blunts the senses to the outward features of the country, whose inhabitants he has sought to instruct and civilize, and of the peculiarities of their manners and habits it is his duty to be watchful:—in proof, witness Heber's Journal. With an enlarged and earnest mind, the eye becomes more keen, and the tongue more eloquent; and we are persuaded that a body of descriptive writing might be gathered from the records of missionaries, ancient and modern, which it would be hard, for truth of narration and happiness of language, to find exceeded in the works of the best approved travellers who have visited the same spots from the less powerful motive of curiosity, or the enthusiasm of association.

Thus, though we have heard and read much about Newfoundland, we have never *seen* it set down before us so clearly as in the artless pages of this journal, and the frequent notices of worship in the wilderness touch us, from their extreme simplicity. Some curious points of character, too, come out strongly in these pastoral visits, (which, by the way, were commenced during the most inclement season of the year)—as, for instance, in the following sojourn under the tilt of one of the three Englishmen in Placentia Bay:—

"When I reached his comfortless tilt, of which

there was no part, except the excavated door-way, and the top of the chimney, visible above the snow, I found he was from home. He had heard the preceding evening of the arrival in the settlement of a clergyman of his church, and attempted to cross the ice of the harbour after dark to have some conversation with me; had broken through the ice in the attempt, and had in consequence of his wet condition, slept at a tilt in the harbour, which I had passed at day-break. \* \* His fondness for ardent spirits, he informed me, had kept him thus poor, and he could trace to this source all his lapses, and all his misfortunes. He assured me in our conversation that he had forsown the further use of spirits. I told him of a strength greater than his own; this I entreated him to imlore. He was much affected by a prayer in which I proposed he should join me in his tilt: he kept a standing posture when I commenced, but the poor fellow soon sunk upon his knees, and, before the conclusion of my prayer on his behalf, he was weeping like a child. It will give some idea of the prevailing use of spirits in this island, and of the consequent discouragement which the minister is doomed to experience, if I mention that notwithstanding all which I had said against the use of this intoxicating stimulant, in all which he had heartily acquiesced, and bringing the test of his own melancholy experience, had declared voluntarily, that he had left it off, he yet offered to myself, on my rising from my knees, what is called 'a morning,' from a little keg, which he drew from under his straw bed; and, on my reminding him, when about to help himself, that he had engaged to break off this habit, he excused himself by saying he had made a reservation for the use of the remaining contents of that keg."

The people seem to have retained much of the homeliness and hospitality of the primitive emigrants; but their country is wretched and utterly impracticable; and the difficulties of travelling, apart from the severity of the climate, must be enormous:—

"I have met with places in Fortune Bay, two or three miles only from each other, to visit which by land in winter, it might be necessary to make a circuit of fifteen miles, to get round the deep precipitous chasms or 'gulshes' and ravines, which cross from the coast into the interior. \* Why, it is but seven miles, my friend, as the crow flies,' observed a judge to a remonstrant petty jurymen, who pleaded the difficulty and the distance.—'That may be,' replied he; 'but as I cannot go as the crow goes, I make the distance fifteen or sixteen.'"

Hence it happened that the Archdeacon's visits were, in many cases, most welcome, as bringing secular as well as spiritual assistance:

"As not one in this settlement (Stock Cove) could read," says he, "I was requested to read a letter containing intelligence of the most interesting kind, of which the family had been in ignorance, although they had had it by them for weeks. In many similar settlements, I was engaged in writing letters for the people to relatives who had been settled, some ten, some twenty years, in other parts of the island, and with whom they had been unable to hold any communication since their original settlement in the country, or, at least, since their dispersion. \* \* After some refreshment, engaged at half-past two, p.m. in a very laborious walk over the country, by Stock Cove Deer-look-out, to Frenchman's Island, where I took the ice of Bay Bull's Arm. At the head of this arm I found four families in winter tilts. I assembled fifteen persons for full service, by the light of a piece of ignited seal's fat, placed in a scollop shell, which served for the lamp of our humble sanctuary in the woods. I made acquaintance here, too, for the first time, with a decoction of the tops of the spruce branches, to which I afterwards became much accustomed, as a substitute for tea, and which, from experience, I can pronounce to be very salutary and bracing, though not so palatable, as the beverage supplied by the Honourable East India Company. A man (Sowards) whom I had met at Stock Cove in the morning, had last summer gone round in an open fishing punt, from Come-by-Chance, at the bottom of Placentia Bay, accompanied only by a small boy of fifteen, along-shore and outside of St. John's, to this place, a dis-

tance of 142 leagues by water, although the distance between the two places is only one league by land."

Comfort, so much needed in these remote regions, seems to be but scantily understood, if we are to judge from the description of the winter tilts in Fortune Bay:—

"I sent round to his neighbours to give notice of my intention to hold divine service at this house the next morning, and was delighted to see the serious and intelligent manner in which the children were taught to say their grace before and after meat, and their morning and evening prayers. My eyes, which have been much tried by the glare of the sun upon the snow, and by the cutting winds abroad, are further tried within the houses by the quantity of smoke, or 'cruel steam,' as the people emphatically and correctly designate it, with which every tilt is filled. The structure of the winter tilt, the chimney of which is of upright studs, stuffed or 'stogged' between with moss, is so rude, that in most of them in which I officiated the chimney has caught fire once, if not oftener, during the service. When a fire is kept up, which is not unusual, all night long, it is necessary that somebody should sit up, with a bucket of water at hand, to stay the progress of these frequent fires; an old gun-barrel is often placed in the chimney corner, which is used as a syringe, or diminutive fire-engine, to arrest the progress of these flames; or masses of snow are placed on the top of the burning studs, which, as they melt down, extinguish the dangerous element. The chimneys of the summer-houses in Fortune Bay, are better fortified against the danger, being lined within all the way up with a coating of tin, which is found to last for several years."

Pilgrimages in such a country are not to be undertaken, but by those whom faith and zeal have steeled against the severest hardships, as the following will testify:—

"*Friday, March 13.*—Went off on a bitter cold morning, in a bait skiff, two hours' sail to Clatter's Harbour, at the back of the Isle of Valen. The slob and wish ice becoming thicker, prevented our getting up the arm; walked, in consequence, to the head of the north-east passage, by thickly wooded 'gulshes,' three miles or more; thence across a neck of land to Chandler's Harbour in Paradise Sound, about one mile; thence I went along the hills by the shore, towards the south-east bight, which I had hoped to reach by night. We got benighted, however; the moon became obscured, and as a drift came on, with a drizzling snow and rain, we made a night fire. For feeding this, we felled in the course of the night, a sufficient quantity of spruce and birch to have made a most shady retreat in a space equal to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and there we waited for the dawn. This is a more accurate account of such a night, than it would be to record that we had slept in the woods; for the traveller, lying on a few fir branches upon the snow, freezes on one side, while the blazing flame scorches him on the other. I did not, at this early period of my cruise, understand so well, as I afterwards did, the plan of making a fire in the woods; and in my hurry to greet the welcome sight of a cheerful fire, by which I might break the fast which I had kept since seven in the morning, I had neglected the necessary preliminary of digging out a hole in the eight feet of snow, which were on the ground. The immense fire which we kindled, for want of this precaution, continued to melt down the snow, lower and lower by degrees, till, before the dawn of morning, I was left to the action of the piercing winds, on the top of a bank of snow, the fire being in a hole much below my level, and only benefiting me by its smoke, which threatened to blind, as well as to stifle me. I may mention, that the first tree, which I felled, nearly demolished my faithful dog which accompanied me, as it fell across the terrified creature's loins; the soft newly fallen snow, however, offered no resistance to his body, but sunk under his weight, so that he received no injury. \* \*

"*Saturday, March 28.*—When the Swift, our boat, which had not shown any great quantity of water upon passage, nearly sunk at the wharf, and was found, on her being hauled up, to have been stove in launching. A large hole in her bottom, into which the hand might be thrust, and which let in water in

such quantity, that the pump could not now keep her clear, had been covered with a coating of ice through the extreme severity of the weather. This coating had, providentially, not melted or worn away during our beat against a head-wind in Fortune Bay the whole of the preceding day, or we must have sunk before we could have reached the shore."

But these perils were slight, compared with others incurred, on a subsequent journey into the interior, taken under the guidance of some friendly Indians. Though pressed for space, we shall extract liberally from this portion of the Journal. The party started on the fourth of April.

"We pitched for the night near the Bay of Eastbrook. A description of the process of making our temporary place of rest for this night may suffice for the description of our similar arrangements during the week. The snow being at least ten feet deep, a rude shovel is first cut out of the side of some standing tree, which is split down with a wedge made for the purpose. Snow does not adhere to wood as it does to an iron shovel, consequently a wooden shovel is preferable for the purpose of shovelling out the snow. The snow is then turned out for the space of eight or ten feet square, according to the number of the company which requires accommodation. When the snow is cleared away, quite to the ground, the wood is laid on the ground for the fire. About a foot of loose snow is left in the cavern round the fire. On this the spruce or fir branches, which break off very easily when bent hastily back downwards, are laid all one way, featherwise, with the lower part of the bough upwards. Thus the bed is made. Some of these boughs are also stuck upright on the snow against the wall of snow by the side of the cavern, and a door or opening is left in the wall of snow for the bringing in during the night the birch-wood for burning, which is piled up in heaps close by for the night's supply, that any who may be awake during the night may bring it in as it is required. Here the traveller lies with no covering from the weather, or other shelter than the walls of snow on each side of his icy cavern and surrounding trees may supply. Of course as the laborious exercise during the day is sufficiently heating, and he is unwilling unnecessarily to increase his burden, he has no great coat or cloak for wrapping up at night. A yellow fungus which grows on the wich-hazel supplies tinder to the Indian, who is never without flint and steel, and he is remarkably expert in vibrating moss and dry leaves and birch bark rapidly through the air in his hands, which, soon after the application of a spark, ignite and make a cheerful blaze. One who passes a night in the woods in the winter must halt by four p.m., for by the time the hole in the snow is dug, and a sufficient number of trees are felled, and cut up to serve for the supply of fuel for the night, it will have become dark. One of these resting-places, in which the snow was deeper than usual, reminded me of a remarkable sight which I had witnessed at Bernuda. There the sand, which was driven by the wind from a neighbouring bank or shoal, was making such rapid encroachments on the cedar groves, upon a certain part of the main, that several cedars were covered nearly to their tops by the sand which was gradually accumulating about them, clogging their branches, and threatening eventually to cover them. Here, as the fire melted our cave away, and enlarged our chamber of ice, branches of verdant spruce, fresh as when first covered in October and November, came forth to view several feet below the surface of the snow, as the cedar branches were observed to do from the sand in Bernuda. \* \*

"The Indians dress their venison on skewers of wood, which they stick in the ground around the fire. They plaited for me a basket-like mat, of small spruce boughs, to serve as a plate. In this they served me the deer's heart as the most delicate part of the animal. The intense cold made the trees crack, with a report, in the silence of the night, as though struck with an axe; my watch also, under the same influence, became of little use, a most serious inconvenience when traversing the country in a season when the days are so short, and a little miscalculation may occasion the traveller's being benighted before he is prepared. \* \*

"*Tuesday, April 7.*—The whole three of us were



affected with a gritty, gravelly sensation in the eye, and were, at length, completely deprived of the power of sight. Our provisions too, over which the Indian who was cook, had, with the usual improvidence of his race, not been sufficiently economical, were just out. In a country which abounds with game, and in which it is so difficult to travel even without any burden, none think of carrying provisions for more than a day or two into the interior with them; but neither the pilots nor I could now see sufficiently to use a gun, or bear indeed to look upwards. The Indian did try, but he came back without success, although he met with many fresh tracks of deer, and heard many partridges, and in the course of the night, deer had evidently passed within twenty yards of our retreat. It became so thick, moreover, that, had we been ever so little affected with snow-blindness, we could not have seen more than a few yards, and could not consequently have made any way in an unknown country. Our Indian guide, while he was in search of deer, nearly lost all track of us, when, our allowance of food becoming exceedingly scanty, our situation seemed likely to be very deplorable. All Tuesday we rested in our icy chamber.

Some natural tears may have mingled with the water which the acrid vapour from the smoke of the damp wood (for it now rained) forced from my eyes, as I thought of the probable anxiety of my dear wife, and of the likelihood that all my dreams of future useful labours in the church might be thus fatally dissipated. It was at length hinted by the Indian, that my dog might make a meal; and it is as much that they may serve in such a season of extremity, as for any fondness which they have for the animal, or use they generally make of them, that Indians are usually attended by dogs of a mongrel breed. Had my Indian pilot known the coast, we might have got to some Indian wigwams in White Bear Bay, but he did not like to attempt reaching that bay.

Wednesday, 8.—This morning, on finding the weather still thick, I divided the bread-dust and crumbs, all which now remained of our provisions, not amounting altogether to more than two biscuits, into three parts, and gave a part to each of my guides, reserving a like share for myself; and, as I had not the patent apparatus with me for extracting bread from saw-dust, though I saw the danger which must attend our moving in such thick weather, and blind as we all were, I perceived that we must either make an effort to return, or must starve where we were. I proposed, therefore, to the Indian pilot, that we should try to return to the spot where we had left so much venison buried. At first he hesitated; but, at length he agreed that we should attempt it. A black gauze veil, which I had kept over my eyes when the sun was at its height, and the resolution to which I had adhered of not rubbing my eyes, had preserved me, perhaps, from suffering so much from sun-blindness as my companions. Maurice Louis, the Indian, would open his eyes now and then to look at my compass;—we could not see for fog more than 100 yards; he would fix on some object as far as the eye could reach, and then shut his eyes again, when I would lead him up to it. On reaching it he would open his eyes again, and we would, in the same manner, take a fresh departure. By forced marches, the snow now being soft, and nearly the entire distance to be travelled in rackets, in consequence of which we could not make the same expedition which we did as we came along,—we were providentially enabled to reach by seven or eight, P.M., the same places at which we had halted at four each day on our outward march. Thus, a degree of labour, that of digging and clearing, to which we were now quite unequal, was spared us on our way back. The small quantity of biscuit to which we were now reduced, led me to advise my companions not to eat any quantity at a time, but to take a piece of the size of a nutmeg when hunger was most craving. We did, indeed, gather each day on our return, about as many partridge berries as would fill a wine-glass a-piece. These we found very refreshing and nutritive. Having been ripened in the fall of last year, and been sheltered under the snow all the winter, they were, now that the snow melted away from them, like preserved fruit in flavour, and resembled a rich clarety grape.

Thursday, 9.—Still dismally thick weather; but we proceeded on our way in the same manner as yesterday. The noise of the woodpeckers upon the bark of the trees truly portended rain, of which we were much afraid; we saw quantities of deer and ptarmigan, but though the fog favoured our weak sight much, we could neither of us take a sight with the lifted gun. At one place, we came upon the recent tracks of wolves; they had consumed or dragged away all remains of a deer, except a little hair from the skin, and some blood, by which the snow was stained. By night, through God's most merciful protection, we reached the place where the Indians had left so much venison buried since Christmas.

By way of contrast to so painful a detail of privation, we shall give a scene of pleasanter hue; at Sandy Point, which appears to be one of the more genial and prosperous parts of the island—

“Went this week, to visit the salmon fisheries, which are upon the main gut. Three or four families reside there. One night, as some of the people and an Indian boy were going out just at the rise of high tide, five canoes in all, to spear trout and eels, I joined them in the excursion. It employed us till an hour or two after midnight. The scene was an animating one. A brilliant moon hung over the hills, which were finely wooded, to the very cliffs and sand at the edge of the water. Bunches of birch bark were packed together, a dozen in each packet; these were stuck one at a time, as required, into a stick which was cleft at the top to let in this rude flambeau, to which a light was applied. The stick with the ignited birch bark was then put upright at the bow of the canoe; there, also, the man stood up, most insecurely balanced, as would seem, with his *nighok*, or eel-spear, a pole cleft at the bottom with a spike inserted. This, on his striking a fish of any size, would open and admit it till the spike perforated it, and then closing upon it, would press it and prevent its escape. The sandy or stony bottom of the river in the shallows,—for in deeper water this sport cannot be pursued,—was seen as clearly as in the day, and every fish in it. The fish seemed at least bewildered, if not attracted by the light; and the quickness of eye, and adroitness of the man who used the *nighok*, impelling, as he did, the canoe with the thick end, and every now and then reversing it to strike, were surprising. He struck successfully at eight out of ten of each of the fish at which he aimed, and shook them off into the boat with a sudden turn of his arm, which left him at liberty to strike at two fish within a second or two. He kept his balance, also, with great niceness, when he seemed to have poised himself so far over the side of the light canoe, that he must, it seemed to me, have gone overboard, or capsized our crank bark. The light of the flambeau in the other canoes, as they came round the projecting points of leafy green; and the shade, as we again lost view of them behind the trees or rocks in the distance, was most imposing. Four hundred trout were thus speared in the canoe in which I was; some of them were of such a size, that they would have been taken, as they frequently are, in the salmon nets. In the five canoes, above 1000 were taken in little more than two hours. I had the curiosity to weigh six of them, which together weighed twenty-two pounds, and had a barrel of this night's catch salted that I might take them with me to St. John's.”

And here we must part from the good Archdeacon; we are glad to direct attention to these unpretending memorials of some good achieved, and more planned, as well as of sacrifices undergone with cheerfulness and patience.

#### Random Recollections of the House of Lords.

By the Author of ‘Random Recollections of the House of Commons.’ Smith & Elder.

THE extraordinary success of the ‘Random Recollections of the House of Commons’ has, naturally enough, led to this publication; which was, indeed, wanting as a companion-picture. For the same reason, no doubt, the work is modelled exactly after the fashion of the former, and, we are happy to say, is executed with at least

equal ability. After this general description, no further explanation, as to the nature and character of the work, will be required by the readers of the *Athenæum*, and we shall proceed at once to the subject-matter. Whether we shall confine ourselves, as on the former occasion, to a notice of the literary Members merely, as best becoming the character of a literary Journal, will depend on circumstances, and our success in finding them—we fear they are not abundant. However, we shall begin with a full-length, and somewhat elaborate, portrait, which, we regret to say, we have been compelled, from its colossal size, somewhat to curtail of its fair proportions. We now take leave at once to introduce the reader to—

#### Lord Brougham.

“To those who have been in the House any time, and paid ordinary attention to what is passing around them, it is no difficult matter to anticipate the time or occasion on which Lord Brougham will rise to address their Lordships. If any pointed allusion be made to him by any Peer on the opposite side, and he have not already addressed the House, you may rest assured the noble and learned Lord will get up the moment the Peer who is speaking has resumed his seat; for though no man is more frequent or fierce in his attacks on others than his Lordship, he is one of the most sensitive persons I ever knew to the attacks made on himself, and he is perfectly miserable until he has returned the blow with tenfold force on his hapless adversary. On other occasions you may tell with unerring certainty when Lord Brougham is about to speak. When anxious to address their Lordships himself, he gives the most manifest signs of impatience for the conclusion of the speech which some other noble Lord is delivering at the time. When, to use a homely but expressive term, you see him fidgetty, while some Peer on the opposite side is speaking, no matter whether or not any allusion has been made to him,—the odds are two to one that he rises when the other sits down. If you see him sitting with one leg over the other, and his face to the bar instead of to the Woolsack,—the presumption increases one hundred per cent. that he is the next person to address their Lordships; but if, in addition to these symptoms of his mind labouring with some tumultuous emotions of which he is anxious to rid himself, you see his head droop as if his face were half buried in his breast, and observe him give a hasty scratch at the back of his head, accompanied with two or three twitches of his nose; if, on any occasion, you observe all this, while an Opposition Peer is speaking—and you will not observe it on any other—you may rely on his Lordship's succeeding the present speaking with as much confidence as you repose in the rising of to-morrow's sun.

“When Lord Brougham rises to speak, the stranger is so forcibly struck with his singular personal appearance, as to be altogether inattentive to the first few sentences of his speech. His lofty forehead—his dark complexion—his prominent nose—the piercing glare of his rolling eye—the scowl of his brow—the harshness of his features generally—the uproarious condition of his dark grey hair, and his attenuated appearance altogether—cannot fail in the first instance to attract the eye and arrest the attention, to the exclusion of any thought about what he is saying. This is to a certain extent the case, whatever be the mood of mind in which he rises. But when he gets up to repel a personal attack, or under feelings of strong party excitement—and few men feel more strongly on party questions—there is an abruptness and energy in his manner, which contrast so strongly with the conduct of other Peers, that the stranger feels for a few moments quite confounded.

“When Lord Brougham rises to make a long speech on any important question, without having been called up in consequence of allusions made to himself, or under the influence of unusually strong party feelings, he invariably commences in a comparatively low and subdued tone. On such occasions he lays down general principles, the immediate bearing of which on the question before their Lordships it is difficult to perceive. As, however, he proceeds, you gradually begin to see the object which the noble

Lord is aiming at, and also to perceive the forcible application of the principles he has laid down to that object. As he begins to apply these principles to the question before the House, their singularly forcible bearing on the view of the question which he takes flashes so vividly on your mind, that you are no less surprised at your own obtuseness in not having before perceived it, than you are struck with the splendid talents of the man who has thus, with the greatest manifest ease to himself, been pressing into his service the universally admitted dictates of morality—the most obvious maxims of a sound philosophy—and the great truths on which the Constitution of the country is based. All his preliminary considerations and general principles are, as it were, at last concentrated into a focus, and brought to bear on the question before the House with a perfectly overwhelming force. And when he has thus reached the marrow of his subject, you see a visible difference in his manner of speaking; his energy and animation increase; he speaks with greater rapidity, and his action becomes much more violent.

"It is only on a great political question, and one on which he feels very strongly, that Lord Brougham is to be heard to any advantage. Those who have heard him for the first time on such a subject as the repeal of the newspaper duties,—or on a proposed reform in the administration of the law, &c.—go away wondering what people see in him to admire. On such occasions he reasons well, displays extensive information, considerable thinking powers, and an eloquent and energetic style; but they can see nothing either in his matter or in his manner to entitle him to the reputation of the most effective speaker of the age. It is otherwise when he rises to repel a personal attack, or to speak on any question of party politics. On such occasions you see in his very countenance the consciousness of superior powers. His knit brow, his piercing eyes, the air of supreme scorn towards those who differ from him, which his whole aspect exhibits,—concur with the sentiments to which he gives expression to show you that his whole soul is thrown into his speech. It is then, and only then, that you witness any real display of his amazing powers. He then stands forth an intellectual gladiator, fighting not with one or two opponents only, but with every Peer of any weight who has taken a different view of the subject from himself. \* \* He is often called to order for violating the rules of the House; but this only aggravates the evil it was intended to remedy. The more he is interrupted in his attacks on an opponent, the more furious in his manner and the less measured in his language does he become. He is not only not to be put down, however general and decided the feeling of the House may be against the course he is pursuing, but he will not be diverted from his resolution of inflicting the full measure of intended severity on his victim by any means which he chooses to adopt. So long as he is interrupted only by particular Peers, he confines his furious attack to the opponent against whom he was directing his withering sarcasms, and on whom he was heaping his ridicule, at the time of the interruption,—except during the few moments he may step out of his way to apply the lash to those who have called him to order; but when the cry of 'Order' has become general, and the confusion so great as to drown his voice, he suddenly pauses until the confusion has subsided, and then pours forth the overflowing phials of his wrath on the Opposition generally. The most striking instance I have witnessed of this occurred last session, in the course of the debates on the Municipal Corporation Bill. On that occasion, because some slight interruption was offered to him, he became violent in an extraordinary degree, even for himself, and told their Lordships in terms which did not admit of two constructions, that they were a mob.

"He can, however, be, and often is, refined in his sarcasms, when speaking on topics on which he does not feel strongly. On such occasions I have often seen him display a rich vein of quiet humour, which could not fail to tell with effect on an audience like the House of Lords, and which often produces general laughter. He himself, however, is hardly ever seen to indulge in a smile.

"In Lord Brougham's angrier moods there is something terrible even in his looks and manner. His eye, as already mentioned, flashes with indigna-

tion, his lip curls, his brow has a lowering aspect, and the tones of his voice and the violence of his gesture, have something in them which, altogether irrespective of what he says, cannot fail to make an adversary quail before him. And this indignation is not artificial or assumed, like the zeal an advocate manifests for his client, and the indignation with which he denounces the conduct of the opposite party. In Lord Brougham, as already mentioned, it is as real as it is violent. Like all violent feelings, however, it is only of transitory duration. The moment he has resumed his seat, often, indeed, as soon as he has given utterance to the last indignant expression, it passes away, and is no more thought of. In fact his dislikes are too suddenly conceived, as well as too violent, to be, in the nature of things, lasting.

"When the noble Lord rises to speak on a party question, it is impossible to guess from any one sentence what will follow. He makes everything he says bear either directly or indirectly on the positions he seeks to establish; but he is so capricious in his choice of topics, and in his illustrations of those topics, that he lugs in matter which no other man would ever dream of in speaking on the subject before the House. \* \*

"One very remarkable feature in his speeches is, the amazing extent of information they evince. \* \*

"He is an eloquent speaker; but his eloquence has a character of its own. I know of nothing in ancient or modern oratory which can be said to resemble it. His sentences are usually of great length. It is nothing uncommon to see in his speeches, sentences which take more than a minute in the delivery. His style is consequently involved: but independently of the tendency of sentences of such extreme length to become involved, you will often see in one of them parenthesis within parenthesis. These sentences are, however, so constructed, that one never fails to perceive his meaning. You are struck with his amazing command of language—the more so, perhaps, from the original character of his diction, and the manifest ease with which he imparts that character to it. It is not fine or smooth: it is rough and rugged, and yet, generally speaking, it is perfectly correct of its kind. \* \*

"Lord Brougham's great defect as a public man is his want of discretion. He is quite the creature of impulse: he always speaks on the spur of the moment, and, in the great majority of cases, under the influence of strongly excited feelings. The consequence is, that he often gives utterance to things to which, in his cooler and more deliberative moments, he would not on any consideration give expression. And yet, though painful experience has taught him the inconvenience to himself personally, as well as the injury to the cause with which he has identified himself, of speaking under the influence of a heated mind, he is still as liable to the commission of the same error as ever. Indeed, I question whether he has not committed himself more frequently in this way of late, than ever he did at any former period of his life. \* \*

"He is a man of very hot and hasty temper. The least thing irritates him. I am not sure if, all circumstances considered, this infirmity of temper ought to be matter of regret to the public, whatever it may be to himself. It is certain that the most splendid of his oratorical efforts, in both Houses of Parliament, have been made when under the dominion of the most angry feelings. His presence of mind never, in such cases, forsakes him, while it gives him an acuteness of perception—however strange it may seem—and inspires him with a boldness and fervour of manner, which he never evinces when speaking in a more tranquil mood. I do not recollect to have ever seen him in what is called a greater passion, than on the evening, in the Session of 1834, when his Local Courts Jurisdiction Bill was thrown out. He knew when he entered the House, from the strong muster of Peers on the Opposition side, that its rejection was inevitable, though he had not before anticipated such a result. Before rising to reply, he retired from the Woolsack for about ten minutes into one of the ante-rooms, to take some refreshment. His return was waited with a breathless silence. The quick step with which he re-entered the House, as well as the indignant piercing glances he darted along the Opposition benches, before he opened his mouth, indicated the turbulent passions which agi-

tated his bosom. There was a universal impression that he was about to hurl his denunciations, with unusual force and fury, at the devoted heads of those who had taken the most active part in opposing the measure. The event proved the impression was not unfounded. So great was the passion into which he had worked himself, that before he had got through a third of his speech, he was literally foaming at the mouth. His castigation of Lord Wynford, who that evening headed the Opposition, was terrible. Every sentence he uttered seemed like a thunderbolt, hurled at the heads of those who opposed the Bill. Lord Wynford bore his share with the most exemplary fortitude for a time; but at length his powers of patient endurance became exhausted, and, literally writhing under the merciless severity of the Lord Chancellor, he rose from his seat, difficult as it was for him to stand, and called aloud with great warmth of feeling, for the enforcement of the fifteenth standing order of the House. And yet, notwithstanding the violently excited feelings under which Lord Brougham spoke on this occasion, I do not, as already stated, recollect to have witnessed a more splendid display of his surprising powers of mind.

"It is in reply that the noble Lord appears to greatest advantage. In making a set speech, be the subject what it may, he is comparatively nothing. It is opposition or collision alone that can call his powers of mind into full action. His quickness in detecting the weak points of an adversary, is then as surprising as is the skill with which he unravels the most ingeniously spun webs of sophistry. It matters not how often he is interrupted; that, as I have before stated, never discomposes him in the slightest degree. If such interruptions be in the shape of any remark on what he is saying, his readiness and felicity in retorting never fail to astonish all who hear him. And he retorts with equal effect on all of them, should five or six, or more, noble Lords on the opposite side, interrupt him consecutively by one remark immediately following another. \* \*

"The most trifling circumstance leads him into digressions. If he see, or fancy he sees, a smile playing on the face of a political opponent, he will suddenly abuse in the midst of his most eloquent passages, and launch his bold and bitter invectives at his head for his alleged want of manners: or it may be he will cover him with his ironical praise, which is quite as withering as his fiercest invective.

"I have spoken of the restlessness of his mind: it is a part of this restlessness to delight in collision. It would not be enough for him that his great powers were kept in constant exercise by co-operation with other persons; it is necessary to his enjoyment of existence that he come into collision with the minds of others. He ought never to be—and, were he to consult his own individual gratification, he never would be—on the side of the strongest party; opposition is the sphere in which Nature intended him always to move, and the stronger and more powerful the party opposed to him, the better for his own gratification; the more formidable the power with which he conflicts, the more strikingly does he display his transcendent talents, and the greater is his enjoyment of life. Other minds find happiness in repose; his only in the excitement and turmoil of battle. He bitterly regrets his having been transplanted to the Lords: in the Commons he found comfort in the repeated scenes of turbulence and uproar which the floor of that house exhibits; the gravity, and dignity, and quiet of the Upper House are the never-failing source of misery to him. \* \*

"His moral courage is great; nothing can daunt him. In the House of Commons, in its unreformed days, he was as obnoxious as could be, to four-fifths of the members. Did this dishearten him? Not in the least. He spoke as boldly, and fought as resolutely, as if four-fifths had been with him.

"It is the same in the Lords. He knows he is hated by the Opposition, and even by several Peers on his own side of politics, with an intensity which even Cobbett himself never surpassed in his enmities, bitter as they were. He knows that every thing he utters is thoroughly disliked, often as much because of the quarter whence it comes, as on its own account; yet he is not in the least disheartened. He sets to work as cordially and boldly as if he were the idol



of their Lordships, and as if every thing which fell from him were music to their ears, and were greeted with the most cordial cheers.

"He is proud and overbearing: his whole demeanour shows how conscious he is of his own surprising powers. He looks down on the other Peers in the House as if they were of an inferior order of creation. The supercilious airs he often assumes, and the latitude of speech in which he frequently indulges, would not be tolerated in the private intercourse of life. He generally looks for a homage approaching to servility from those with whom he comes in contact. It is the little respect which is shown him by his fellow Peers, that is the great secret of the furious attacks he so frequently makes on the House of Lords.

"When Lord Chancellor, nothing could exceed his conceptions of his own importance. That the office he held is a most important office, and that from the great influence which his commanding talents enabled him to exert on the public mind, he was, and is, a person of great importance,—is not to be doubted; but still his estimate of his own consequence during the time he held the Great Seal, was vastly exaggerated. He seemed to think that he held in his hand the destinies of the world, and that he was a sort of deity; while all around him were nothing better than the ordinary elements of mortality. The contemptuous and snappish manner in which he spoke to deputations of the Commons who had bills to present to the House of Lords, was often almost beyond endurance. On one such occasion, and only one, did I ever see him relax in the sternness and rigidity of his features. It was when Mr. O'Connell, in the Session of 1834, brought up some bill relating to Ireland from the other House. It happened three or four days after Lord Brougham had called—in his place in the House of Lords—Mr. O'Connell a great national mendicant, and contrasted him with Dante and other distinguished geniuses, whose independence of spirit was such that they would have submitted to the humblest occupations in life rather than be dependent on the bounty of others. On this occasion, without saying a word, he took the bill at the bar of the House from Mr. O'Connell, giving a smile, which he obviously could not restrain, as he received it. No doubt the circumstance of coming so soon in contact with the Member for Dublin, after he had spoken of him in the above derogatory terms, was the cause of the smile. The first time they met together after this—and I am not sure that they have met again since—was in the spring of 1835, at a public dinner in the London Tavern. There was only one gentleman between them at dinner that evening. Lord Brougham made advances towards a reconciliation by proposing to drink 'Adam's wine' (water), as he called it, with Mr. O'Connell. They drank to each other, Lord Brougham saying to Mr. O'Connell, as he put the glass of water to his lips, 'We have not drunk wine together since we sat tête-à-tête at a public dinner in 1823.' Mr. O'Connell said his Lordship was right as to the main fact, but that the dinner took place in 1822, not 1823. I mention this trifling circumstance of these two individuals drinking to each other on this occasion, as Lord Brougham, in an hour or so afterwards, pronounced one of the highest encomiums both on the talents and virtues of Mr. O'Connell which ever one man pronounced on another.

"He never studies his speeches beforehand. This is evident from the allusions which he makes to everything of importance which transpires in the House respecting the question before it. These allusions are not slight or few; but very often form the staple of his speeches. Yet, though an extempore speaker, he never betrays the least difficulty, or shows the slightest symptoms of being at a loss, as to how he should proceed. His mind is so fertile; his resources in argument, illustration, sarcasm, denunciation, invective, abuse, are so ample, that the only difficulty he feels is, to select the best matter which presents itself, and to know when he ought to stop. The readiness and fertility of his mind often lead him to overlay the side of the question which he espouses, with arguments and illustrations. He is never at a loss for words; they flow on him, as copiously as do his ideas; they seem to come, like

Shakspeare's spirits, from the vasty deep,—without being called.

"But though the noble Lord does not prepare his speeches beforehand, he does on some great and particular occasions carefully study some parts of them. \* \*

"His voice possesses great flexibility. In its more usual tones there is something approaching to harshness; but in all his important speeches he varies it to such an extent as to touch on almost every conceivable key. In its lower tones it is soft and sweet, and often, when pitched on a higher key, it has much of music in its intonations. Few men have an equal command over their voice. He raises and lowers it at pleasure. In his more indignant moods it has uncommon power and compass, and admirably suits the bold, impetuous character of his manner and eloquence.

"His gesture is as varied as his voice. On ordinary subjects he is calm and gentle in his manner; but when he becomes excited—on which occasions, as before mentioned, he throws his whole soul into his speeches—his action becomes violent in no ordinary degree. His arms are put into such requisition, that it were very unsafe for any noble Lord to be, as the phrase is, within arm's-length of him. He has no favourite system or fashion—if either term be a correct one—of gesture. It is as varied as are the forms into which the human body can be put, or the position which one's arms can be made to assume. In this respect he is a second Proteus. His gesture has no grace: it is often as awkward as can well be imagined, and in any other man would appear ridiculous.

"I have said that his speeches never cost him a mental effort; neither does the delivery seem to require any physical exertion. I never saw him, even after his longest and most energetically delivered speeches, exhibiting symptoms of exhaustion: I have seen him sit down, after the delivery of speeches which occupied the attention of the House for three or four hours, during which time he may be said to have been speaking in a voice of thunder, and with a corresponding violence of action, and yet appear as fresh and vigorous in body as well as in mind, as when he rose to address their Lordships. A few years since, when a member of the other House he spoke for nearly seven hours, without intermission, on the subject of a reform in our courts of law, and yet so little appearance of fatigue was there in his manner, that any one who had entered the House ten or fifteen minutes before he resumed his seat, might have inferred he had only just commenced. Speaking seems, in a physical as well as mental sense, to be a sort of pastime to him; it certainly is not a task. \* \*

"With the single exception of the Duke of Cumberland, I do not know any noble Lord who is more regular in his attendance in the House. You hardly ever miss him from his seat. He sits there, whatever be the subject before their Lordships, in the momentary expectation that something may occur to give him an opportunity of speaking. He is evidently miserable in his seat, and when an occasion does not offer itself for his addressing their Lordships, he very often contrives to find one for himself. His ingenuity in this way has often struck me as remarkable. I have seen him time after time seize on the most trifling observation imaginable, which had fallen from some noble Lord, and make it a peg on which to hang a speech of forty or fifty minutes' duration. \* \*

"Though now in his fifty-seventh year, Lord Brougham, until lately, looked as healthy and as strong in constitution as ever."

Next week our Gallery will have more variety, and may be, in consequence, more generally interesting.

#### OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

"*The Reliques of Father Prout*, illustrated by Alfred Croquis, Esq.—These papers, which, for a twelvemonth and more, formed the strong point of *Fraser's Magazine*, are here offered to the public in a collected form, with the further attraction of a spirited, though in places fantastic, set of etchings. Pleasant and welcome, for its raciness and scholarship, the work is sure to be; but those only, we fear, who are

familiar with the periodical in which the papers first appeared, will understand their allusions and mystifications; and we can fancy no prettier nut, for an antiquary of the year eighteen hundred and sixty, when the memory of our literary coteries shall have grown dim, than Father Prout's lucubrations. The introductions to the several chapters will then read like paragraphs of no-meaning. It would, indeed, have been wise, we think, to have omitted them: banter *must* be ephemeral, and therein lies its difference from wit and sarcasm, which treat not so much with persons as with principles. We shall be sorry if our prophecy be borne out by the result, for there is talent, and humour, and feeling in the work. Some of the paraphrases of popular songs in different languages, are indeed amazingly happy and spontaneous; in others, however, Father Prout has passed the point where grace ends and slovenliness begins. With regard to the very clever illustrative sketches, our favourites are, the nuns in the poem of 'Vertu'—scandalized by the uncanonical talk of the parrot; there is also a good deal of humour, and some feeling, (a dash of the true Beranger spirit,) in the sketch illustrating that writer's *chanson*—

Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans.

"*The Adventures of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin; Nights at Mess; and other Tales*, with Illustrations by Geo. Cruikshank.—A pleasant volume of specimens of the humorous could hardly be found among the tribe of recent works of fiction. The tales it contains (which heretofore appeared in *Blackwood*) have each of them a point—some of them a sharp one. The adventures of Sir Frizzle Pumpkin, a hero in spite of himself, are well drawn out—and not wire-drawn: some of the 'Nights at Mess' are provocative of laughter, but we have a leaning of preference towards 'Crocodile Island,' (a regular piece of bamboozlement,) for the sake of Cruikshank's illustration. He was never more happy than in the head of the jolly old coach traveller, furious at being cheated out of his supper and his half-a-crown, by the genteel scamp of a writer for *Blackwood's Magazine*.

"*The Cruise of the Midge*, by the author of "Tom Cringle's Log."—Another republication of a series of papers which have brightened the pages of *Blackwood*. We are not sure, however, that they equal the first work of their author: his dashing graphic style, alike happy in the humorous and the horrible, pulls a little on further acquaintance; perhaps there is more of effort in the present work, than in its predecessor, and the pictures of storms, skirmishes, pirates, and the other wonders of the deep, are rather repetitions than originals. There is enough, however, of power and interest and adventure, to make the 'Cruise of the Midge' welcome to a large class of readers.

"*Löwenstein, King of the Forests*, by Jane Roberts, author of "Two Years at Sea."—We know not how to characterize this tale: historical it surely is not; nor metaphysical, for its authoress has not attempted any display of the working of mind, nor, so far as we see, wrought up the web of fiction, with the view of working out any save the simplest of morals: neither is it a tale of the every-day life of any class or country; the Foresters, old and young, including the crazed flower-girl, who always speaks in rhyme, do not resemble any people under the sun—at least in regions reached by our Backs, Burnesses, or galloping Heads: nor does the management and mystery of the events entitle the work to a place among romances: we fear then we must leave it unclassified. It is, however, full of gentleness and good feeling. There is, of course, a little love in the progress, and a happy marriage at the close of the story; and the heroine comes off well—with a crown as well as a husband.

"*Life of the Rev. Josiah Thompson*."—A coarse attack on the Secession Church of Scotland. The point of the tale is, that ministers, supported by the voluntary system, must have to struggle with poverty, and the author attempts to describe the inconveniences to which they will consequently be subjected. The only incident which has the slightest claim to be called humorous, is taken, without acknowledgment, from Colman's 'Two Parsons'; or, the Tale of a Shirt; and this is so spoiled, that it fails to provoke a smile.

'The Loves of the Roses—The Tale of the White Rose, or the Story of Canace. In Four Parts, by Richard Whiffin.'—He is a bold man, who, in these days, ventures back into the gardens of Armida, and expects the busy world to follow him: a rhymed interest table, or, 'Thoughts on the Tail,' and 'The Irish Church,' distributed through a dozen dithyrambs, of different sorts and sizes, would have a better chance of being heeded, than Spenser's allegorical themes, unless the writer be possessed of more than Spenser's power, to counterbalance the increased want of faith, and want of time, of the present generation. Mr. Whiffin, then, deserves honourable mention, for daring, if not for success: it was, however, something more than daring to adopt for his shadowy heroes and heroines persons made almost sacred from further use by

—him who left untold  
The story of Canace bold.

There is some colour and melody, and pretty scene-painting, in these two little pamphlets, but more is wanting in these days to win the world to listen.

'The Death of some Eminent Philosophers of Modern Times.'—This is the discourse read by Sir Henry Hallford at the College of Physicians on the opening of the session. It appeared to us at the time wholly unworthy the occasion; and therefore we did not, as we are accustomed, give an abstract of it. We have the less reluctance in saying so now, seeing that it is put forth in print, and may be judged by all.

'Butler's Ancient and Modern Geography. 12th edition.'—Popularity as little implies merit, as merit popularity. Not to quote the great Ptolemaic error, a plausible system of ignorance almost as popular for ages as the Newtonian verity now, we might instance many works of the present day which have reached their twelfth edition, without other merits than those which should have condemned them at

once, videlicet, tact to impose on the public, and in the feat itself astounding intrepidity of presumption. We do not, it is true, quite so often observe real merit going without its reward: when there are so many readers, there must be some few judges, and by times an honest one among them. Dr. Butler's Geography proves that merit is not always neglected: the work being on a good plan, well executed, has run through a dozen editions—on its progress, we hope, to several more; and in this, at present the last, there are some valuable additions—no less than five maps, to say nothing of letterpress—without any increase of price. The gravest mistake it exhibits, is that of calling itself a "school-book": it seems to us not a little calculated for numberless persons who have quitted school, as well as for certain learned persons who have never been there. Were it suffered to stand upon book-shelves or tables with Annuals, Reviews, Novels, and Tours, a glance now and then at its contents would serve to correct the very latitudinarian ideas held by both writers and readers of such works on the subject of geography.

'The Van Dieman's Land Monthly Magazine.'—The two first numbers of this antipodean periodical have just reached us, and are creditable to the colony. The original articles are written with plain unaffected good sense; and some, we refer particularly to the 'Chapter on Gardens,' are likely, we should think, to do good service.

'Report of the Cornwall Polytechnic Society, 1835.'—The report is ably drawn up, and the accompanying papers very creditable. We are of opinion that some valuable hints might be gathered from this work, by the Directors of many local Societies.

'Narrative of a Captivity in France, from 1809, to 1814, by R. Langton,' 2 vols.—Not without interest, and had it been published twenty years ago, it might have been generally acceptable; it is now out of date.

'The Andrian, &c. of Terence, by J. H. Phillips.'—This is the best edition of Terence which has yet been published.

'Whitelaw's Catechism of Arithmetic.'—Besides being in the worst of all forms, the catechistical, this little treatise is badly arranged, and the rules conveyed in language unsuited to youthful capacities.

'Abelle's Practical Latin Grammar.'—Hiley's Latin Grammar.—These works were not wanted; we have so many Latin grammars, that a repetition of Henry VIII.'s edict, prohibiting the use of any but that sanctioned by royal authority, would be a blessing to the country.

'Grandineau's Grammaire Royale.'—A useful compendium for persons who, having already acquired a competent knowledge of French, desire to understand the structure of the language.

**List of New Books.**—Historical Pictures of England, Vol. II. 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Seymour of Sudley, by H. D. Burdon, 3 vols. royal 12mo. 31s. 6d.—A Manual for Students preparing for Examination at Apothecaries Hall, by John Steggall, M.D. 7th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d.—Simson's Works, Vol. IV. 8vo. 10s. cl.—Jebb and Knox's Correspondence, 2 vols. 8vo. new edit. 28s.—Forster's Life of Jebb, 2 vols. 8vo. 26s. cl.—Thomson's Seasons, 32mo. 2s.—Le Langage des Fleurs, royal 32mo. 9s. 6d. silk.—Lathbury's History of the English Episcopacy, 8vo. 12s. cl.—Howard's Hulsean Lectures, tr. 8vo. 8s. 6d.—The White Man's Grave, by T. R. Rankin, Esq. 2 vols. 21s.—Family Library, Vol. I.VI. (Wesley's Compendium of Natural Philosophy,) 6s.—Rogers's Life of John Howe, 8vo. 12s.—Random Recollections of the House of Lords, from 1830 to 1836, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Random Recollections of the House of Commons, 3rd edit. post 8vo. 19s. 6d.—Carnack on Greville, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Lardner's Cyclopædia, LXVII. (Stebbing's Refutation, Vol. I.) 6s.—Langley's Manual of Rhetoric, 18mo. 2s.—Masterpieces of Prose Literature, Vol. II. (Milton, Vol. II.) 6s.—Carlton's Traits and Stories of the Irish, 18mo. Part I. 1s. swd.—Phrenology Simplified, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.—Brambletye House, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Stories from the Old and New Testament, by B. H. Draper, 4th edit. 12mo. 7s. 6d. cl.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR MARCH.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1836. MAR.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M. in degrees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.				Rain, in inches. Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.		Self-registering.				
						9 A.M.	3 P.M.	Lowest.	Highest.			
T 1	29.013	41.2	28.829	42.2	36	40.6	46.2	35.4	47.0		S var.	(Overcast throughout the day, with light brisk wind. e) P.M. Heavy storm.
W 2	29.285	43.8	29.299	45.3	37	42.2	48.8	38.9	49.4	.194	SSW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. Evening, Overcast—very light rain.
T 3	29.477	45.2	29.530	46.5	41	45.5	48.5	40.7	48.4		S	Overcast—light wind.
F 4	29.532	46.6	29.497	47.4	40	43.3	49.0	40.4	48.7	.072	S	(A.M. Overcast—light rain. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
S 5	29.314	47.5	29.215	48.8	42	44.4	49.6	42.3	49.4	.038	S	A.M. Fine and cloudless. P.M. Cloudy—light rain and wind.
6	29.122	46.2	28.998	46.9	40	43.8	47.7	37.7	48.4	.186	ENE	Overcast—light drizzling rain and wind.
M 7	29.247	45.3	29.217	47.2	37	42.2	48.6	36.4	48.7		ESE	(A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Overcast.
T 8	29.202	46.0	29.223	40.9	39	40.3	42.4	39.2	42.2	.033	NE var.	Overcast—very light rain. Evening, Cloudy.
W 9	29.287	44.5	29.126	45.6	34	38.4	45.2	33.3	45.5	.088	S	(A.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. P.M. Cloudy. Evening, Overcast—light rain.
T 10	29.208	45.0	29.182	46.2	38	43.8	46.5	37.2	47.2	.069	S	Overcast—very light rain and wind.
F 11	28.916	47.8	28.964	48.7	42	47.7	51.2	42.5	51.2	.052	SW	(A.M. Fine—light clonic and wind. P.M. Cloudy—light hail and rain. Evening, Fine and clear.
S 12	29.123	47.4	29.158	48.7	42	47.6	50.4	41.5	51.6		S var.	(A.M. Cloudy—high wind. P.M. Showery—hail and wind. Evening, Cloudy—light rain—high wind.
13	29.412	47.3	29.489	48.6	40	43.0	50.8	39.2	50.4	.227	SW	(Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, High wind throughout the night, with light rain.
M 14	29.049	48.6	29.057	49.2	43	50.3	45.2	42.2	50.6	.166	SW var.	Overcast—light rain and wind throughout the day.
T 15	28.891	48.2	29.143	49.7	41	44.9	48.5	40.3	50.7	.444	SW var.	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy—high wind.
W 16	29.584	46.8	29.681	47.8	37	41.4	46.0	35.3	47.8		SW	(Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Fine and clear.
T 17	29.792	47.0	29.808	48.6	40	48.3	51.8	38.7	52.2	.061	S var.	(Cloudy—high wind throughout the day. Evening, Overcast—very light rain.
F 18	30.322	51.2	30.346	58.8	47	52.2	58.8	47.7	59.4		SW	(A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind. Evening, Cloudy.
S 19	30.245	52.6	30.148	57.2	47	47.8	61.5	45.5	61.6		ENE	Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Fine and clear.
20	30.182	55.3	30.184	58.4	49	53.3	61.2	47.2	64.4		SW	Fine and cloudless. Evening, Fine and clear.
M 21	30.113	53.7	30.017	56.6	48	48.2	53.7	46.7	54.2		SW	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Cloudy.
T 22	29.922	55.2	29.875	55.8	49	50.8	51.7	48.2	52.4		S	Overcast—very light rain.
W 23	29.720	51.7	29.588	54.5	45	48.2	49.0	42.3	50.7	.047	S	Overcast—very light rain and wind.
T 24	29.544	51.2	29.546	53.2	47	44.6	49.3	39.5	48.7	.050	S var.	(A.M. Fine—nearly cloudless—light brisk wind. P.M. Cloudy—occasional showers of rain & hail. Ex. Cloudy—high wind.
F 25	28.938	49.6	29.027	53.2	45	47.7	49.2	41.3	51.3	.105	S var.	Overcast—light rain with h. wind. Ev. Fine and clear—h. wind.
S 26	29.239	47.3	29.344	50.2	37	42.6	42.3	37.7	47.6	.044	SW var.	(A.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain. Evening, Fine and clear.
27	29.556	46.4	29.506	49.9	38	39.6	47.9	31.8	48.2		S	A.M. Fine & cloudless. P.M. Cldy.—lt. wind. Ev. Cldy.—lt. rain.
M 28	28.662	44.0	28.675	46.5	40	40.2	45.6	36.2	45.5	.244	E	(Overcast—light rain & wind. Ex. Overcast—light rain—very high wind. Sudden depression of the Barometer.
T 29	29.548	46.4	29.606	48.7	37	42.3	47.3	35.9	48.2	.130	WSW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light brisk wind. P.M. Fine—light clouds and wind.
W 30	29.677	46.6	29.336	49.2	42	47.2	52.2	41.2	53.3		SW var.	Overcast—very light rain with brisk wind. Ev. Cldy.—high wind.
T 31	29.679	50.3	29.804	51.0	42	47.4	47.8	42.3	49.4	.180	SW var.	(A.M. Fine—light clouds—light brisk wind—occasional showers of rain and snow. P.M. Cloudy—light brisk wind.
MEANS ..	29.445	47.9	29.433	49.7	41.4	45.2	49.5	40.2	50.5	Sum. 2.430	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. ....	9 A.M. 3 P.M. 29.401 29.384

\*. Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 2½ in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—95 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.



## ORIGINAL PAPERS

SONG.

AIR—*A faire.*

'Twas a feast on Olympus, and many a star  
Was gathered round Jupiter's throne,  
Where Apollo was strumming his "light guitar,"  
To a sweet little tune of his own,  
His hand with the air of a minstrel gay  
Over the chords he flung;  
Love was the theme of his roundelay,  
And laughingly thus he sung:  
Love is as light as a maiden's sigh,  
Light as a moonbeam, Love!  
Light as the glances of Venus' eye,  
Or a feather of Venus' dove.

Love sat toying on Venus' knee,  
And played with her golden hair,  
As he flung back his clustering curls so free,  
And looked as he didn't care.  
But his eye, thro' its modest and moonlight blue,  
With a passionate lustre shone,  
As quizzed by the Gods and the Goddesses too,  
The carol went laughing on:  
Love! Love! so frail and light  
Is the chain by his finger twined,  
Frail as the flickering thread so bright  
That the gossamer gives the wind.

A little in earnest, a little in jest,  
To Apollo at last said he,  
"A truce to this gossip, 'were surely best  
To get Justice's scales and see;—  
Fling in the balance sword and spear,  
And Jupiter's crown of gold;  
Mars will lend us his sword of fear,  
And his mail with its scaly fold;—  
And try if Love with his bow and dart  
Be as light as this braggart sung,  
Light as the faith of Apollo's heart,  
Or the tales of his heedless tongue."

Thus taunting—to Justice's beam he flew,  
When a butterfly, through the sky,  
In his doublet of purple and gold and blue,  
Came haughtily flaunting by;  
And careless alighting—mid jest and glee,  
High, high, poor Cupid swung,  
And pouting leaped to his mother's knee,  
While, laughing, Apollo sung:  
No wonder that maidens on earth I ween  
Are taken with gaud and glare,  
When Love is as light as the silken sheen,  
That the wings of the butterfly wear.

J. K. B.

MR. HENRY ROSCOE.

We have this week to record, with sincere regret, the death of Mr. Henry Roscoe, who, after a protracted and painful illness, breathed his last on the 25th instant, at his house at Gateacre, near Liverpool. He was the youngest son of the late William Roscoe, and, in person and manners, most of all the family resembled his father. He had for several years been aware that his disorder, a species of consumption, would terminate fatally; but, in the face of approaching death, continued, with unabated ardour and cheerfulness, both his professional and literary labours, in the double hope of making some provision for his family, and of leaving behind him a reputation, more valuable in the estimation of well-constituted minds than wealth. His talents and learning were not inferior to his high moral worth; and, with these superior qualities, he combined the most easy and engaging manners, which at once endeared him to his family, and commanded the esteem and respect of a large circle of friends. His professional learning and abilities were of the first order—his legal works, more particularly the treatise on real property, had obtained for him the reputation of a sound and acute lawyer—so that, had he been permitted to reach the ordinary term of human life, he would doubtless have risen to high distinction; but, like his father, he united with his professional studies an extensive acquaintance with polite literature, and had long been known as an elegant and accomplished writer. In the biography of the historian of Leo X., written in a highly popular manner, he displays a vigour of thought, and a reach of reflection, seldom found in productions of that descrip-

tion; and, when he died, had nearly completed an historical work, which, it is to be hoped, will not be lost to the world. Mr. Roscoe was in the thirty-seventh year of his age.

## THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

His Majesty's ship *Columbine* left Scanderoon on the 23rd February, but we cannot learn that she brought either public or private letters from Colonel Chesney, or the officers of the Expedition. The following extract of a letter from an officer on board the *Columbine*, dated Malta, March 7th, is from *The Morning Post*:—

"We have just returned from Scanderoon, where we arrived on the 6th of February, and landed the sappers and miners who were to join the Euphrates Expedition. Immediately on dropping anchor a messenger was despatched by the Vice-Consul (Mr. Hays) to Bir, and on the 22nd letters were received in reply from Lieut. Lynch, the second in command (Col. Chesney being away in search of coal), asking for as much provisions and stores as could be spared, for the supply of the two steamers before they started to proceed down the Euphrates. It thus appears that the Expedition had not moved on the 22nd of February. Both steamers were, however, launched and complete, except the boilers of the *Tigris* (the smaller steamer) were not on board; but Ibrahim Pacha had sent one hundred and fifty bullocks to transport the boilers from the spot where they were buried in the sand, about six hours' journey from Bir. Ibrahim, who was opposed to the Expedition on its landing in Syria, now ardently supports it, but Redschid Pacha, the governor of the district, who is in the pay of the Porte, refuses any assistance to Col. Chesney, and the commonest supplies were obtained with difficulty from the people, notwithstanding the firman issued by the Sultan. Colonel Chesney and all the officers, except Lieut. Cleveland, had suffered from illness, and the Expedition had lost nineteen men. I have every reason to believe that both steamers have ere this sailed from Bir, on their way to Bussorah, a distance of 1100 miles. Col. Chesney is very sanguine of success. The depot of the Expedition is only 187 miles from Scanderoon, and we sent them as much of our provisions and stores as we could spare, and six seamen of the *Columbine*, who volunteered for the Expedition, were landed, and sent on by Mr. Hays, the Vice-Consul.

"Col. Chesney has gained the good-will of some of the Arab chiefs, and if they should become persuaded of the ultimate advantages to themselves by the opening of this channel for commerce, the steamers may pass down unmolested."

## THE STREAM OF THOUGHT.

BY MISS M. L. BOYLE.

I love, I love to be alone,  
For then the Stream of Thought  
Flows in its wild luxuriance on,  
With lovely burthens fraught!

There, on its headlong current borne  
Are well-remembered things,  
Sweet flow'rets from the Past uporn,  
That busy Memory flings:—

Bright visions, that entrance the eye  
With master-works of art,  
And well-known forms that gliding by  
Thrill to the inmost heart.

And there are voices on the air,  
And perfumes on the breeze,  
That bear the mind to lands more fair  
And softer climes than these.

Thus, as I stand beside the stream,  
And stretch my arms in vain,  
I feel the light Italian dream  
Steal o'er my soul again.

There's not a flow'ret on the beach  
That woos my passing eye,  
Like those which, far beyond my reach,  
Come whirling swiftly by.

Let some for Hope's prediction care  
While her delusions last,  
I'd rather sit with Memory there  
And commune of the past.

## OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

At length the publishers are bestirring themselves. We have just received, but too late for careful review, Mr. Landon's 'Pericles and Aspasia'; Mr. Barrow's 'Tour round Ireland'; 'The White Man's Grave,' by Mr. Rankin; and the first volume of the 'Despatches of the Marquis of Wellesley'—so that the season, though somewhat backward, promises an abundant harvest. Announcements, too, are budding forth. For the military reader, Admiral Napier's 'Account of the War in Portugal' is in the press; for the lover of travels, Captain Basil Hall is about to put forth 'Schloss Hainfield: A Winter in Lower Styria,' for the pleasure of the romantic, Mr. Allan Cunningham has been weaving a new fiction 'light' Lord Roldan'; while the graver speculator upon the mysteries of life and death, will probably find ample food for thought in the 'Physical Theory of another Life,' which is announced by the eloquent and original author of 'The National History of Enthusiasm.'

The following is an extract from a letter just received from Paris:—"On the 1st of May, it is announced, will be opened the Museum of Painting and Historical Sculpture, which our King is about to establish in the Palace at Versailles. This project, which is to be executed in a splendid manner, will turn to a useful purpose this magnificent palace, which, with our representative system, must otherwise have gone to ruin. This Museum will contain a prodigious number of works of art, remarkable either for their decided merit or by historic interest, which have been for more than a century scattered about in all directions."

The Academy of Parma, in acknowledgment for the Soane medal, an impression of which was sent them by the Subscribers, have elected Sir John Soane and W. Wyon, Esq., R.A., who executed the medal, *Consiglieri corrispondenti con voto*, and Mr. T. L. Donaldson, *Accademico d'onore*. In return for the communication opened with them by the Institute of British Architects, the Academy have forwarded, for the Library, a copy of a work recently published, containing the principal monuments of art erected during the reign of the present Archduchess.

The new picture at the Diorama opens on Monday next. It ought to be most popular, for, as a work of art, it has hardly been equalled by any previous Exhibition. The village of Alagna is first seen by moonlight, quietly reposing under the shadow of huge snow-clad mountains—perhaps the colouring of this first scene, and particularly the twinkling lights in the cottage windows, may not be quite natural, but the smoke, wreathing up from the *chalet* in the foreground, is real smoke; and the gradual coming on and clearing off of the storm, in the midst of which the village is destroyed by an avalanche, is really so admirably managed as to be almost awful. We have already spoken of the aspect of the scene of desolation, as revealed by the full light of morning, and must once again recommend this scene (a work of witchcraft, if it be a picture), as the best of its series.

The programme of the Exeter Hall Festival is before us; and an excellent one it is, though perhaps too exclusively confined to Handel's works: when are we to hear 'The Requiem' entire, or 'The Passion' and is Spohr's 'Last Judgment' laid on the shelf? But we are so grateful to the directors for having promised all the choruses of 'Solomon' and 'Israel in Egypt' entire, that our inquiries must not be understood as complaints. The singers engaged are, Madame Caradori (for the second evening), Mrs. Knyvett (for the Messiah), Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. E. Seguin, Miss Masson, Miss Woodvatt, Miss K. Rolson, Miss Rainforth, Miss Bruce, Miss Tipping, Miss Wagstaff, (where is Miss Novello?) Mr. Sapio, Mr. Turner, Mr. Hobbs, Mr. Barker, Mr. Machin, Mr. Stretton, Mr. Horncastle, Mr. Balfe, Mr. Chapman, and Mr. Elliott. The band to be led by Mr. Cramer, under Sir George Smart's conduct; and the organ to be taken by Messrs. Adams, Turle, and Brownsmith, on the three several evenings.

At the Opera, all the subscribers are rejoicing in the acquisition of Tamburini, Signor Cartagenova having departed; while we own the superiority of the former, we hope that we have not heard the last

of the latter, having always a provident eye to the future, and believing this singer capable of great excellence, Grisi is promised for Tuesday in 'La Gazza,' with Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini; the *contralto* who is to sing, or walk through, the part of *Pippo*, is as yet a "being without a name;" there is a question, however, whether "the charming Giulietta" will or will not postpone her first appearance till Saturday next, when her young cousin, Carlotta Grisi, is to dance herself into our good graces—*auspice* Perrot.

We take leave to direct the attention of our readers to an advertisement in this day's paper, announcing a subscription for the widow and children of the late Rev. W. P. Scargill. Mr. Scargill was the author of 'The Usurer's Daughter,' 'The Puritan's Grave,' and other works of considerable reputation. He was a most indefatigable labourer in the fields of general literature; but over-exertion and unceasing anxiety gradually affected his health, and after great sufferings, mental and bodily, he died a short time since, leaving a widow and two children entirely without support,—indebted, indeed, for the very bread of life to the kindness of neighbours and friends, with whom the subscription originates. Under these circumstances, our readers will, we are sure, excuse us for making this special mention of the subject.

#### PANORAMA.

MR. WM. DANIELL respectfully announces to the Nobility, Gentry, and Public in general, that on Easter Monday, the 4th of April, his PANORAMIC representation of ENSNARING WILD ELEPHANTS, (to which considerable additions have been made,) will be exhibited at No. 121, Pall Mall, opposite the Opera Colonade.

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

March 24.—Francis Bailey, Esq. V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.

Major T. Seymour, Bart. R.E. was admitted, and Richard Beamish, Esq. was elected, Fellows of the Royal Society.


The sequel of Professor Forbes's paper on the Temperatures and Geological Relations of certain Hot Springs, particularly those of the Pyrenees; and on the verification of Thermometers, was read.

##### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 28.—Mr. Murchison in the chair.—Three papers were read, viz. 1. An account of the present state of the ruins of Berenice, by Lieut. Wellsted, I.N. 2. A description of the trading boats in use among the Maldiv Islands, illustrated by models, by Capt. Mansby, I.N. 3. Major Mitchell's official letter, detailing the circumstances of his recent excursion to explore the course of the Darling, behind New South Wales.

1. The ruins of Berenice have been before visited by Messrs. Belzoni and Wilkinson; but neither of these gentlemen had the same means of determining their position, or excavating among them, that were possessed by Mr. Wellsted when surveying the coast in their neighbourhood. So uncertain, indeed, was Mr. Belzoni of the identity of what he saw and examined, that he proceeded above a degree farther south, to ascertain if other ruins did not exist, which might correspond more closely with what he expected to find. There can be no real doubt, however, now, on this subject. Not only do no other ruins whatever exist in this direction, which could lead into error, but Mr. Wellsted's determination of the latitude of these, and excavations among them, otherwise prove their absolute identity.

The position of the ancient Berenice is now, then, ascertained to be in lat. 23° 55' N., in a bay, called in modern charts Foul Bay, where the Nubian coast suddenly falls back to the westward, and forms a bay partially protected from southerly winds by a low sandy point. From this point the ruins bear about W.S.W. 2½ miles distant, and may be recognized by the hillocks of sand, many of them covered with bushes, under which they are buried. A lagoon adjoins them, which seems to have anciently formed an inner harbour, though its entrance is now choked with sand. It extends some distance inland, and the city seems to have skirted it: but only the walls and upper portion of a small, but massive Egyptian temple was now uncovered, the remainder being entirely buried in the sand. The mounds occupy a space about a mile in circumference, of which the

above temple is the centre; and the streets seem to have branched off from it. They are mostly very narrow, but two principal ones can be traced of a convenient width, both leading from the temple to the sea. The houses are small, and seem to have consisted uniformly of three chambers, disposed thus:  They are built of soft Madrepore, and

the surface of the mounds is everywhere thickly strewn with glass of various colours, and broken pottery. There is little doubt that some interesting excavations could be made among them.

The interior of the temple was the only place partially cleared out by Mr. Wellsted, who has transmitted a ground plan of it, with copies of inscriptions and hieroglyphics found on its walls. These were in a good state of preservation; but unless again covered by the sand will not remain so, the stone in which they were cut being very soft. No tombs were found, nor any tanks; but the inspection of the entire ruins was necessarily very cursory. As a whole, they are said by Mr. Wellsted to disappoint the traveller, both in extent and character; but a more careful examination of them would probably bring other objects which he did not see to light.

2. Captain Mansby's description of the Maldiv boats would be best understood by a reference to the models. They seem to be chiefly remarkable for their great width (proportionally to their length), their very sharp entrance and run, and their extremely flat midship floor. They are built of the wood of the cocoa-nut tree, which is heavy, and inconvenient, and have very few timbers, with no iron fastenings whatsoever, the planks being secured together by wooden pegs, five inches long, let into the edges of each plank, with reeds between them to close the joining; over all, their bottoms are well payed with a strong gummy paint, and their sides being supported by cross-beams, they last ten or twelve years. They sail well, but are said to be heavy and dangerous in a sea-way, and are thus never tacked. Their sails are of matting, made from the leaves of the cocoa-nut tree, and they are frequently met with along the Malabar Coast, and even as far as Ceylon.

3. We are happy in being enabled to give Major Mitchell's letter verbatim, as published in the Supplement to the *New South Wales Government Gazette*—

"Camp, West of Harvey's Range,  
4th September, 1835.

"Sir,—I have the honour to submit, for the information of His Excellency the Governor, the following report of the progress of the party, and result of the expedition which His Excellency was pleased to place under my command, for the purpose of exploring the course of the river Darling.

"Having joined this party at Buree on the 5th of April, I reconnoitred the country on the following day, and on the 7th we proceeded, by a route not hitherto explored, to that part of the Darling specified in my instructions. My plan was to proceed along the high ground between the Rivers Lachlan and Macquarie, and which extended further into the interior than had been explored. Thus I hoped to avoid the necessity for crossing any rivers, or incurring any risk of delay from floods, such as those which formerly, at the same season of the year, impeded the progress of the late Surveyor-General. Another object I had in view in choosing this route was, to extend my trigonometrical survey as far as possible along these heights into the interior.

"By this line we reached the river Darling, near the junction of New Year's Creek, in thirty-one days travelling from Buree; having found the country so favourable that it was never necessary to unload a dray or cut a way through scrub, or to pass a night without water. On my right I had the waters of the Bogan, and on my left a connected chain of heights, whereof New Year's Range is the last.

"But a grievous misfortune befel the expedition in the loss of Mr. Cunningham, the Colonial Botanist, who wandered from the party near the head of the river Bogan on the 17th of April. After an anxious search, continued for twelve days, during which the party halted, his horse was traced till found dead, having still the saddle on, and the bridle in its mouth. It appeared that Mr. Cunningham after losing his

horse, had directed his own steps northward; we traced them into the Bogan, and westward along the bed of that river for twenty miles, and until they disappeared near a recent encampment of natives. There a small portion of the skirt of his coat was found, also some fragments of a map which I had seen in his possession. There were two distinct tribes of natives on the Bogan, but from those with whom we had communication we could learn nothing of his fate. I have ever since indulged a hope that he might have crossed to the Macquarie, and so returned to the settled districts, but this hope has not relieved me much from the most painful apprehensions, considering the disposition of the Natives. Whether Mr. Cunningham really survives or not, his absence has made a melancholy blank in our party, and has certainly caused a serious loss to science.

"We found the interior country parched by such excessive drought, that the swamp under Oxley's Table Land, mentioned by Captain Sturt, was completely dry, and only a few ponds remained in the river Bogan (which is New Year's Creek of that traveller). Indeed, for three hundred miles below that creek, we drank no other water than that of the Darling. In this river there was a slight current, the quantity flowing in rapids being about as much as might be required to turn a mill. The water was in all parts as transparent as that of the purest spring well, and it entirely lost all brackish taste below an extreme point of Dunlop's Range, where a hill consisting of a very hard breccia closes on the river so as to separate the plains above it from those lower down. The taste of the water was worst where the river is nearest to D'Urban's Group—above that at the junction of New Year's Creek, and for seventeen miles from thence downwards, it was excellent.

"When the party first arrived on the Darling, I was induced, from the favourable appearance of the reaches, to try at what rate I might proceed on the river with the boats. It was necessary to rest and refresh the cattle after so long a journey, even had I possessed no other means of proceeding further. That part of the river bank which I fixed on for the depot, is situated about twelve miles below the junction of New Year's Creek; the position was naturally good, overhanging the river, and commanding a good run for the cattle; but I strengthened it as a place of defence against the Natives, by cutting down the few trees on it, and erecting a block-house large enough to contain all our stores and equipment.

"On the 1st of June (the sixth day after our arrival) I proceeded down the river in the boats, with the greater portion of the party; and on the following day we returned to the fort, having found too many shallow and rocky places in the river to admit of our making such progress as was necessary to enable us to accomplish the object of the expedition.

"Having next ascertained, by a reconnaissance I made as far as Dunlop's Range, with a party on horseback, that the water below was good, and the country not unfavourable to our further journey by land, we evacuated the depot on the 8th of June (the cattle having then rested two weeks) and proceeded along the left bank of the Darling.

"As the cattle became weaker, the country, as we descended became much more difficult for them to travel upon. It consisted chiefly of plains of naked earth too soft to retain roots, yet just tenacious enough to open in deep cracks, across which it was not always safe to ride. Impassable hollows (covered with *polygnum junceum*) at length skirted the river so extensively, that we could seldom encamp within a mile of it, and sometimes not within three. Still we could not have existed there without the river, which contained the only water, and had on its banks the only grass for our cattle; consequently it was necessary to send a separate party to remain with the cattle at the river, generally in the presence of natives, and it required the utmost vigilance on the part of these men every night, to prevent cattle getting bogged in the soft mud of the banks.

"I had proceeded thus about three hundred miles down the Darling, when the weakness of the bullocks, and the reduced state of our provisions, obliged me to consider the expediency of going forward, with a



small party only, and at a faster rate, while the exhausted cattle might in the mean time be refreshing for the homeward journey. But before deciding on the separation of the party, in the presence of several powerful tribes of Natives, I halted it to rest the animals, while some preparations were going forward for setting out. In two days I was convinced, from the movements I observed amongst the Native tribes, that in proceeding further at so great a risk of compromising the safety of the stationary party, I should have acted contrary to the 9th Article of His Excellency's instructions, and thereupon I abandoned the intention.

"Scarcely an hour had elapsed after I communicated to the men my determination to return, when firing was heard from the forage party on the river. At that time a tribe of strangers, just arrived, lay before our camp. By amusing them and intercepting a messenger, we succeeded in preventing them from joining the river tribe: while more men and a supply of ammunition were sent to reinforce our party on the river. These arrived just in time to prevent the sacrifice of seven of our men. A chief, to whom I had given presents, and shown particular attention, had been the first to break the peace. The conduct of several of these tribes was very extraordinary. To conciliate them was quite hopeless, but not from any apprehensions on their part. On the contrary, the more we endeavoured to supply their real wants, and show good-will towards them, the more they seemed to covet what was utterly useless to them, and the more they plotted our destruction. Some of their ceremonies were different from those of any other Aboriginal tribes nearer the Colony, such as waving the green bough, first setting it on fire, with furious gestures at us; throwing dust at us with their toes, and spitting at our men. They behaved thus just after they had received presents, and while we endeavoured, by sitting in the dust, to conform to their manners and customs. I had every reason to be satisfied with the conduct of my men in this affair. Of the three parties most offending, two were killed, and one (the Chief) shot through the groin. The only injury done, on our side, was the blow of a waddy by that chief, who knocked a man down while carrying water, in order to take his knife.

"We remained masters ever after of the left bank of the Darling, although a very savage tribe, 120 miles higher, crossed one day in a scrub, and immediately set about burning the bushes and grass close to our tents, until we drove them across the river. I ought to mention that these were not strangers to us. On our way down we had taken much pains to conciliate them, yet they used the knives, as soon as they got them, to cut the cording of our tents, and stole or tried to steal whatever they saw.

"The track of our drays had formed a road, which was much easier for the cattle in returning, so that by short marches, and occasional rests, while I explored the country on each side, we reached the former depot on the 10th of August, having lost only six of the bullocks, these having either got fast in the mud of the river, or lain down exhausted and unable again to rise.

"The interior country westward of the Darling is diversified with detached groups of hills, and low ranges broken into portions resembling islands, but the general aspect thereof afforded no indication of its having then any water on its surface. From two different hills, each about twelve miles west of the Darling, and distant from each other about seventy miles, I obtained extensive views across the country, but from neither of these heights could I perceive any smoke, or even any appearance of trees, the whole country being covered with one kind of bush, forming a thick scrub, with intervals rather more open, but strewed with smaller bushes. During the four winter months just past, no clouds gathered to any particular point of that horizon; no rain has fallen, neither has there been any dew, and the winds from the west and north-west, hot and parching, seemed to blow over a region in which no humidity remained.

"The Darling did not, in a course of three hundred miles, receive a single river or chain of ponds from either side. Such was the extent of the plains on its banks, and the depth and absorbent quality of the soil, that much of the waters of high floods appear to be retained therein, besides all the drainage

from the back country. Thus the springs appear to be supplied, by which the river is sustained during the present season of drought. These absorbent plains extend to about five miles, on an average, from the river on each side, hills of soft red sand bound them, and recede about three miles further. Undulations of diluvial gravel (of a very hard silicious breccia) succeed, and skirt the base of the heights, which generally consist of primary sandstone.

"The country eastward of the river rises gradually backwards towards the hills, by which I advanced to the Darling. There the higher grounds are more connected, and send down chains of ponds, which appear to be absorbed in the plains. The same kind of bush however covers the first region of high ground back from the Darling on both sides, and the character of features, and direction of valleys, were not very apparent from heights near this river.

"The general course of the Darling, as far as I had explored it (which was to the latitude of the head of Spencer's Gulf), is somewhat to the west of south-west (variation  $8^{\circ} 27'$ ). This would tend to the westward of the head of Gulf St. Vincent, if the longitude of the Upper Darling were correct; but I make the longitude of that river, on the parallel of  $30^{\circ}$  south, nearly a degree more to the eastward, and from that longitude, the general course tends much more nearly towards the supposed junction below, although still considerably to the west of that point, as laid down on maps.

"Having measured the whole of our route, and surveyed the country, as I proceeded, in continuation of my general survey of the Colony, I had thereby the means of ascertaining the longitude of points connected therewith. Thus I place,

New Year's Range (clear hill), in	longitude	.....	$146^{\circ} 53' 00''$ E.
The latitude (by several observations) being	.....	$30^{\circ} 27' 45''$ S.	
Oxley's Table Land (south side)	.....		
in longitude	.....	$146^{\circ} 16' 9''$ E.	
Latitude	.....	$30^{\circ} 11' 15''$ S.	
D'Urban's Group (high south hill) longitude	.....	$145^{\circ} 43' 30''$ E.	
Latitude	.....	$30^{\circ} 34' 40''$ S.	
Fort Bourke, in longitude	.....	$145^{\circ} 52' 12''$ E.	
Latitude	.....	$30^{\circ} 7' 4''$ S.	

The last-mentioned, being an important station, accessible at all seasons by the line of the Bogan, and available for carrying the survey into the more remote country, I have taken the liberty to distinguish with the name of His Excellency the Governor, under whose orders the survey of the Colony has been connected with the geography of the interior.

"From Fort Bourke I continued the survey of the Darling, by actual measurement, corrected by intersecting distant points, and also by observations of latitude, to the termination of my journey in latitude  $32^{\circ} 24' 20''$  S., and I make the longitude of that point, as deduced from this survey,  $142^{\circ} 24' 26''$  E.

"Having ascertained the most westerly of the two creeks crossed by Captain Sturt on his journey beyond the Macquarie to be the Bogan; and being desirous to discover the origin of the other, named Duck Creek, I sent Mr. Larmer last week to survey it. Mr. Larmer returned yesterday from the Macquarie, having traced Duck Creek upwards to a large lagoon on the margin of that river, from which other lagoons and channels also led into this creek. Mr. Larmer found in Duck Creek extensive reaches of excellent water, but the bed of the Macquarie was dry where he made it. Thus it appears that as the dip of the whole Country is to the westward, the surplus waters of the Macquarie are conveyed to the Darling by Duck Creek, a separate channel altogether to the westward of the marshes.

"I have much satisfaction in stating that no men could have been animated with a better spirit than those of this party have been for the accomplishment of the object of this expedition. Our long journey proceeded with equal regularity and security. No cattle were allowed to stray and retard it, and both these and the camp have been vigilantly guarded and watched every night. The patient forbearance and good-will of the men towards the aboriginal natives deserves my highest praise, and certainly not less their courage when circumstances

called it forth. This was most conspicuous when exposed almost singly to the savage natives, as they often were from necessity when watching the cattle on the Darling.

"I have to add that our provisions are scarcely sufficient to supply the party until it reaches Burce; also that one man is dangerously ill, and another unable to walk, from scurvy.

"I trust my humble testimony of the services these men have rendered under perilous circumstances, in expiation of the errors of the past, and with the best hopes and intentions respecting the future, will be favourably received by His Excellency the Governor.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"T. L. MITCHELL,

"To the Honourable "Surveyor General."  
The Colonial Secretary."

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	Entomological Society	.....	Eight. P.M.
TUES.	Linnean Society	.....	Eight.
	Horticultural Society	.....	One.
WED.	Society of Arts	.....	P. Seven.
	City of Lond. Artists & Amateurs' Con.	.....	Eight.
THUR.	Zoological Society	.....	Three.
FRID.	Astronomical Society	.....	Eight.

#### FINE ARTS

##### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Mr. Moon opened the new year, and having taken the lead in publishing, seems resolved to keep it. Since our last notice he has issued several mezzotints; the best, *Guilt and Innocence*, is by Egan, after a picture by Herbert: the general effect of this picture is powerful, and the subject interesting—two young girls are making offerings at the shrine of the Madonna, the one, with innocent and confiding faith, a bunch of wild flowers, the other, with fear and trembling, a rich casket of jewels. *Burns and Highland Mary*, by Simmons, after Elminstone, is less to our taste. A third, *Shall I resign?* by Haydon, is said, in a foot-note, to be "Earl Grey musing after a day's labour in his room, Downing Street, sketched from life, with the furniture and room of the First Lord of the Treasury faithfully copied." What the facts may be we know not, but assuredly not such as are meant to be inferred from this explanation, which, under circumstances, is written in the worst possible taste. *The Spanish Peasant Girl* looking out of the window, and her companion, *The Spanish Lady*, painted by Mr. J. F. Lewis for Prince George of Cambridge—shown at the Water Colour Exhibition last year,—have been spiritedly drawn on stone by the artist, and form a couple of attractive and characteristic portraits. A line engraving by John Pye, after a picture by Edwin Landseer, is thus described:—"All that remains of the glory of William Smith, who being possessed of the organ of combativeness, and animated by a love of glory, enlisted into the 101st regiment of foot. At the battle of Waterloo, on the 18th of June following, a cannon-ball carried off one of his legs. Thus commenced and terminated William's military career. As he lay wounded on the field of battle,—the dog here represented, blind with one eye, and having also a leg shattered apparently by a musket shot, came and sat beside him, as 'twere in sympathy. The dog became William's prisoner; and when a grateful country rewarded William's services by a pension and a wooden leg, he stumped about accompanied by the dog, his friend and companion. On the 15th of Dec. 1854, William died. His name never having been recorded in an Extraordinary Gazette, this public monument, representing the dog at a moment when he was ill, and reclining against the mattress on which his master died, is erected to his memory by Edwin Landseer and John Pye."

Messrs. Hodgson & Graves have lately published a line engraving, by Robert Graves, of the well-known portrait of Lord Byron, by Phillips, and *Highland Hospitality*, by Giller, after J. F. Lewis; the latter is a clever and well-composed picture, but somewhat too strong in its contrasts of character, and in which something of truth has been sacrificed to effect. Another engraving of theirs, *Sun-Set*, by Lewis, after Bonington, is a sweet thing; full of air and sunlight, and admirable for its truth and freshness.

An etching of Mr. Martin's picture of *The Death of the First-Born*, is also before us, and gives good promise, that when finished, it will equal the best of his works. *The Last Man* is from a painting by the same artist, and well engraved by his son Alfred.

We have also, on our table, a clever portrait of that clever caricaturist, Mr. John Reeve, as Marmaduke Magog, by Buss: *The Young Husband*, and *The Young Wife*, painted by S. J. E. Jones, and engraved by Egan, is strong in character, but wanting in novelty: and the first and second numbers of *British and Foreign Dogs*, a work got up with skill and care, and engraved by W. R. Smith. Chalon's *Recollections of the Opera* in 1835, is another spirited work; the drawings, full of the ease, grace, and expression characteristic of the artist: Grisi and Lablache in 'I Puritani' are capital. Heath's *Drawing-room Portfolio* contains some sweet things: among them an exquisite vignette 'Sketch of the Countess of Blessington,' by Chalon, 'The Sisters,' by John Hayter, and 'The Secret Discovered,' by Miss L. Sharpe; and the *Illustrations of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*, from the pencil of Mr. Melville, is a handsome volume, published by Messrs. Fisher, and likely, we are of opinion, to be popular. The Biographical Memoir, by Mr. Conder, though brief, is interesting. *The First Scrape* is a pleasant trifle by Farrier, in which the influences of music are laughably represented in the tortured agony of the mother, the howl and scowl of the dog, and the self-satisfaction of the young fiddler. A capital lithograph is also just published by Lane, from a picture by Edwin Landseer, of a Highland Shepherd's Dog rescuing a Sheep from a Snow-Drift. Miss Corbux's *Studies of Heads from Nature*, also deserve a good word; and Martin's fac-simile of *Hollar's Four-sheet View of London* is equally curious and interesting.

The *Cathedral Antiquities*, by Mr. Britton, are brought to a close with Worcester. The work has been more than twenty years in course of publication, and is therefore too well known to require any comment from us. We regret to learn from the preface, that public patronage has latterly so fallen off, that the proprietor is compelled to discontinue it, leaving seven cathedrals unnoticed. Fortunately, of many of these we have well-illustrated histories: we may refer especially to Mr. Wild's works on Chester and Lincoln; the latter, unequalled in beauty. The Society of Antiquaries also published some magnificent drawings of Durham by Carter, and Bentham's Ely is well known, so that the libraries of those interested in our cathedral architecture may be well furnished, though not with a series of uniform volumes. Mr. Caveler's *Select Specimens of Gothic Architecture* should also be mentioned here. The work is to consist of examples from the earliest to the latest period, and is likely to interest artists, architects, and other professional persons, rather than the public generally. The specimens in the first number are taken exclusively from Westminster Abbey.

Our continental neighbours, we observe, have just begun to publish an illustrated work on Great Britain, entitled *Voyage Pittoresque dans la Grande Bretagne*, with good lithographic drawings by Dupressoir. As a sort of return courtesy, we suppose, a London publisher has lately put forth the first number of a work, entitled, *Continental Gleanings*, drawings on stone from sketches by Mr. Planché.

Of works heretofore noticed we may mention, that the exquisitely-illustrated edition of Rogers's *Poems*, and Finden's *Landscape Illustrations of the Bible*, are now complete. It is justly stated in the introduction to the latter, "While other works of comparatively small value have employed the pencils of the first artists, and have received every sort of embellishment, little, comparatively, has been done towards illustrating the most important of all books—the Holy Scriptures. To supply this deficiency, is the design of the present collection of Landscape Illustrations, in which are exhibited nearly one hundred of the most remarkable places mentioned in the Bible, as they actually exist, and very few of which have hitherto been delineated. No expense has been spared, in procuring from the most eminent artists drawings and engravings which should combine the utmost excellence of art with the most exact and faithful adherence to the original sketches."

Stanfield's *Coast Scenery* has arrived at the 38th

number, without diminution of the care and skill bestowed on it. Roscoe's *Wanderings in Wales* have improved. The Messrs. Fishers, too, bate no jot of the spirit with which they projected *The Lakes of England*, a work which has our best wishes; it brings art within the reach of many persons who could not afford to purchase more costly works, yet is a not unworthy ornament of the most select of drawing-room tables. For a similar reason we wish success to *Winkles' Cathedrals*. The plates, indeed, are more unequal than they ought to be, but some of them are admirable: the 'West Front of Wells' is entitled to the highest praise. It was success, we hope, which tempted the proprietors to embark in *The Continental Cathedrals*, which promises to be equally deserving of encouragement. The interest of Beattie's *Switzerland* is well kept up; and his *Scotland* forms a handsome volume, which must be welcome on either side the Tweed.

We have a somewhat curious pamphlet before us, containing no less than thirty *Signatures of Napoleon*, from the year 1785 up to 1815; and a more comprehensive work of the same class, *Fac-similes of Historical and Literary Curiosities, accompanied by Etchings of Interesting Localities*, by C. J. Smith. The latter is to us a very interesting work; two numbers have been published, and it is "to be continued occasionally."

Of new works to be issued in numbers, we may announce, among those of best promise, Messrs. Fisher's *Landscape-Historical Illustrations of Scotland and the Waverley Novels*, and Mr. Murray's *Graphic Illustrations of the Life and Times of Dr. Johnson*.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

### KING'S THEATRE.

On Tuesday, Rossini's Opera Semi-seria, entitled LA GAZZA LADRA, in which Madlle. Grisi, and Signori Rubini, Lablache, and Tamburini, will appear; after which the Ballet of LE ROSSIGNOL.

### DRURY LANE.

On Monday, THE JEWESS; after which, the last act of GUSTAVUS THE THIRD; and CHEVY CHASE.

### ENGLISH OPERA HOUSE.

On Monday, April 4, an entirely New Drama (in 3 acts) entitled LUCILLE, (first time) an Opera, entitled A DAY WELL SPENT; after which THE CORNISH MINERS.—Balcony 1s.; Boxes 4s.; Pit 2s.; Gallery 1s.

### KING'S CONCERT ROOMS, HANOVER SQUARE.

MISS KATE ROBSON and MR. WILLMAN have the honour of respectfully announcing that their EVENING CONCERT will take place at the above rooms, on WEDNESDAY, the 6th of April, on which occasion they will have the assistance of the most eminent Performers, both Vocal and Instrumental. Leader, Mr. T. Cooke; Conductor, Sir George Smart. The orchestra will consist of 30 Performers. Tickets, 10s. 6d. each; to be had of Miss Kate Robson, 1, Chester-terrace, Regent's-park; Mr. Willman, 5, Leicester-place, Leicester-square; of all the principal Music-sellers.

### GRAND FESTIVAL OF SACRED MUSIC—EXETER HALL, FOR THE CHARGING CROSS HOSPITAL.

FIRST PERFORMANCE, FRIDAY EVENING, April 15, at Eight o'clock, a Selection (including all the Choruses) from Handel's Oratorio SOLOMON, and a Miscellaneous Selection. SECOND PERFORMANCE, WEDNESDAY EVENING, April 20, ISRAEL IN EGYPT, and a Miscellaneous Selection. THIRD PERFORMANCE, FRIDAY EVENING, April 22, THE MESSIAH, with additional Accompaniments, by Mozart. The Miscellaneous Selections will be from the sacred works of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Hummel, Spohr, and other great Composers. A Public Rehearsal of these Performances will take place on the evenings preceding each Performance respectively, at Eight o'clock. Conductor, Sir George Smart. Principal Vocal Performers—

Mad. Caradori Allan	Mrs. H. Bishop	Miss Bruce
Mrs. W. Knyvett	Miss Masson	Miss Rainforth
Miss K. Robson	Mrs. E. Seguin	Mrs. A. Shaw
Miss Tipping	Miss Wagstaff	Miss Woodyatt
Mr. Balfie	Mr. Barker	Mr. Chapman
Mr. Elliott	Mr. Hobbs	Mr. Horncastle
Mr. Machin	Mr. Sapio	Mr. Stretton
Mr. Turner		

Leader of the Band, Mr. Cramer; Superintendent of the Chorus, Mr. Travers. The Committee have the honour to state the most distinguished musical amateurs have kindly offered their assistance; and several eminent performers are engaged. The Orchestra will be upon an extensive scale, and consist of 600 Performers.—Tickets for each Performance, 11. 1s.; for each Rehearsal, 10s. 6d.; for reserved seats, 11. 11s. 6d. To be obtained, with programmes of the Festival, at the principal Music Shops; and at the Board-room of the Hospital.

JOHN ROBERTSON, Hon. Sec.

## MISCELLANEA

*Extraordinary Discoveries by Sir John Herschel.*—The absurd accounts lately referred to in our daily papers, about some extraordinary discoveries made by Sir John Herschel, are now said to have been originally put forth in America. How this may be, we know not, but a correspondent has obligingly forwarded to us copies of the *Granada Free Press* newspaper, in which we find a "full, true, and particular" report, professedly copied "from a Supplement to the Edinburgh Journal of Science," and as it occupies no less than eighteen columns, and was "to be continued," we presume that the mystification

must have been originally circulated in the form of a pamphlet. The papers are admirably written, and we would willingly have given our readers a taste of their quality, but it would have required more space than we could conscientiously spare for a mere joke.

*Meteorology.*—The plan proposed by Sir John Herschel, of making simultaneous observations in different parts of the globe, for thirty-six consecutive hours, is, we are happy to know, being extensively adopted. We have been, as the writer naturally supposes we should be, much gratified by receiving the following letter, accompanying 'A Report of Observations made at the Albany Institute,' State of New York.

Albany Institute, Jan. 30, 1836.

SIR,—Having been indebted to the columns of your paper—which I have been so fortunate as to receive for the last three years—for the information which has induced the observations recorded in the annexed tables, I cannot refrain from sending you a copy, appreciating as I do the gratification which you must feel at finding that you have been instrumental in extending a plan of observation that promises to furnish valuable materials for the improvement of science. This table, you will perceive, has been published in the newspapers here.

I am, most respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

MATTHEW HENRY WEBSTER, Corr. Sec.

For the benefit of those who may desire to compare different observations, we give the mean results:

	Barom. corr.	Attach. Ther.	Exter. Ther.	Wet bulb Ther.	Winds—very light.
Mean.	29.734	30.23	31.15	27.72	SW.NE.NNE.NNW.

The full report may be seen by applying to our publisher; but we may add, that a copy was, at the same time, forwarded to the Royal Society.

Burke.—The slightest incident was, at some times, sufficient to divert Mr. Burke, irretrievably, from the gravest subjects. Pending the celebrated Begum question, Sir Philip Francis went down express to Beaconsfield; carrying with him the notes and materials of a speech, which he had prepared with great care and labour, in order to lay them before Mr. Burke, and to have the benefit of his advice and correction. On his arrival, he was told that Mr. Burke was in the garden; whether he at once hastened, as there was no time to lose. Sir Philip announced his errand, and produced his papers; but Mr. Burke, holding towards him a grasshopper, which he held in his hand, ran on thus:—"Did you ever consider the conformation of a grasshopper? I never studied it before, and am quite delighted by it. It is a singularly beautiful creature; and well deserving of attention. I don't know that I ever remarked so delicate and perfect a conformation."—"But, Sir," rejoined the annoyed Sir Philip, "I have brought all my papers on the Begum question, and want your advice: if you would hear the speech that I have prepared, there is not a moment to be lost."—"The Begum question: oh yes: let me hear your notes by all means." Sir Philip drew forth his papers and began. He had proceeded some way, and felt that he had quite got hold of his auditor, when Mr. Burke broke out—"I should be glad to know the classical name for the grasshopper. I doubt, indeed, whether they had any name for it. They say the Romans called it *cicada*; but I apprehend the *cicada* was altogether of a different species." Sir Philip was struck mute; pocketed his papers, and returned to town. The Begum question was lost in the chirpings of a grasshopper!—*Life of Bishop Jebb.*

*Soap from Flints.*—Wonders will never cease. Mr. J. C. C. Sheridan, a native of Belgium, is the inventor of a process for making soap from flints; and has obtained for it patents in England, Scotland, and Ireland. Mr. Sheridan takes the common black flint, calcined, and reduces it to powder by wet-grinding; then mixes it with the caustic soda leys, or potash leys, and boils it till it attains saponification. The mixture so obtained is added to the present soap materials after the latter have been boiled to that state when they have become soap, and are ready to be poured into the frames. The mixture, which has a highly detergent quality, requires to be well crutched along with the soap materials; and when thus crutched together, the result is a soap of excellent quality. The mixture becomes intimately incorporated with the soap materials, and may be added in the proportion of from 40 to 50 parts of the mixture to 50 of the soap materials.—*Mechanic's Mag.*



## ADVERTISEMENTS

## LAW LECTURES.

**PROFESSOR PRESTON, K.C.** will COMMENCE HIS THIRD COURSE OF LECTURES on WEDNESDAY EVENING, the 6th of April, at Seven o'clock precisely.—Further information respecting the Lectures may be obtained at the Secretary's Office.  
King's College, London. W. OTTER, M.A. Principal.  
March 21.

## GEOLOGY—FOSSIL ZOOLOGY.—

**UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.**  
Professor Dr. Grant will commence his Course on FOSSIL ZOOLOGY, on Tuesday, 3rd of April, at 3 o'clock, p.m. The Lectures will be delivered daily, except Thursday and Saturday, at the same hour; and will be continued to the 1st of May. Fee, 3s.

This Course will, this year, be taken as Dr. Grant's Part of the COURSE ON GEOLOGY, by Professors Dr. Turner, Dr. Grant, and Dr. Lindley.  
Dr. TURNER'S PART: The Composition of Minerals; The Nature, Formation, and Superposition of Rocks—IN THE BEGINNING OF MAY; Dr. GRANT'S, Fossil Zoology, on the 6th April, as above; Dr. LINDLEY, on Fossil Botany, will follow Dr. Turner. The whole Course will consist of about Thirty-five Lectures. Fee, 2s. 2s.

Hours of Lecturing of Dr. Turner and Dr. Lindley, 10, a.m. Students entering in the Class of GEOLOGY, will be entitled to attend that of FOSSIL ZOOLOGY.  
CHAS. C. ATKINSON, Sec. HENRY MALDEN, Dean of the Faculty of Arts.  
29th March, 1836.

## YORK EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS AND SCULPTURE.

The Society here announce to Exhibitors and the Public, that their FIRST EXHIBITION will be OPEN in CASTLE-GATE, YORK, on the 6th JUNE next; and that all Works of Art must be in the possession of the Society on or before the 21st May. Artists and Sculptors may obtain copies of the regulations on application to Mr. Jos. Green, 14, Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital. EDWARD HARPER, York, 18th March, 1836. Honorary Secretary.

## MIDDLESEX HIGH SCHOOL, HENRIETTA-STREET, BRICKNICK-SQUARE.

Classical.—Henry Hudson, M.A. of Wadh. Coll. Oxford. Mathematical.—W. D. J. Bridgman, M.A. of St. Pet. Coll. Cambridge.

## COMMITTEE FOR THE PRESENT SESSION.

R. E. Kirby, Esq. Chairman.  
Stewart Donaldson, Esq. V. M. Rowe, Esq.  
Edward Du Bois, Esq. W. Wilkins, Esq. R.A.  
W. B. Diamond, Esq. W. Woodhouse, Esq. Treasurer.  
F. C. Meyer, Esq. The General Course of Study embraces—

Natural Theology and the Evidences of Christianity ..... The Head Masters.  
The Hebrew, Greek and Latin Languages, with History and Geography ..... H. Bostock, M.A.  
Mathematics, the Elements of Nat. Philosophy, and Arithmetic ..... W. D. J. Bridgman, M.A.  
The French Language and Literature ..... Rev. J. Mudry.  
English, Writing and Commercial Accounts, Geography, and the Use of the Globes ..... Mr. Belden.  
Drawing and Perspective ..... Mr. Redgrave.  
The School will RE-OPEN after the Easter Recess, on Monday, the 11th of April.  
Annual Fee, 15s.; for Boarders, 60 guineas, without any extra charges.  
Prospectuses may be had at the School-House; and at Mr. Priestley's, 47, High Holborn.

## Sales by Auction.

## VALUABLE BOOKS, ETC.

By Messrs. GRIMSTON & HAYERS, at their Great Room, 306, High Holborn, THIS DAY (April 2), and 3 following days, (Sunday excepted), at half-past 12 o'clock precisely.

**INCLUDING THE STOCK OF C. S. DIXON,** of 150 Aldersgate-street, by order of the Assignees;—Consisting of Stationery, Drawing Paper, Juvenile Books, numerous Bibles and Prayers in various bindings. Also, The LIBRARY of the late ADAM LYMBURNER, Esq. (By order of the Executors):—

Comprising Bell's Theatre, 34 vols. large paper—Hoare's Ancient Bithynia, 2 vols.—Lizars' Anatomical Plates—Percy Anecdotes, 30 vols.—Bulfinch's Natural History, by Smellie and Wood, 2 vols.—Lingard's England, 14 vols.—Histoire Universelle, 40 vols. 4to. call.—Lodge's Portraits, 12 vols. complete—Coney's Cathedral—Howell's State Trials, 34 vols. half calf gilt—Taylor's Plato, 5 vols.—Hawker's Works, 10 vols. 1. r.—Bulfinch, Histoire Naturelle, &c. 38 vols. 4to. call.—Batty's Sceneries, 5 vols. mor.—Neale's Westminster Abbey, folio—Beauties of England and Wales, 26 vols. 1. r.—Keepsake—Book of Gems—Heath's Picturesque—Turner's Annual Tour, and other Annuals, India proofs—Useful Law Books.  
May be viewed, and Catalogues (price 1s.) had at the Rooms.

## SOUTHGATE'S ROOMS.

CABINETS OF SOUVENIRS AND MEDALS, BOOKS ON COINS, &c. Messrs. SOUTHGATE & SON respectfully announce that they are instructed to SELL BY PUBLIC AUCTION, at their Weekly Sale Rooms, 22, Fleet-street,

## THE VALUABLE AND INTERESTING

CABINETS OF COINS AND MEDALS, including the Collection of the Rev. W. SHARP, late Rector of Patiswick, Essex;

Consisting of Gold and Silver Coins of the Greek Cities, the Roman Emperors; Ancient British and English Coins; an extensive series of Napoleon and Coronation Medals, in the finest state of preservation; &c.

## COLLECTION OF ENGRAVINGS, CHIEFLY PROOFS OR CHOICE IMPRESSIONS;

Including Distraining for Rent, by Wilkie—The Blind Fiddler, by ditto—The Fisherman's Departure, after Collins—The Trial of Queen Catherine, after Marlow, by Clint—Byron's Dream, by Harding—Preaching at Athens, after Raphael, by Holloway, India paper—The Miraculous Draught of Fishes, by ditto—The Madonna, after Correggio, by Longhi—Kane's Fortunate, after Delamain, Herby, &c.  
Catalogues will be ready in a few days.

Money advanced, and Valuations of every Description of Property made for the Payment of the Probate Duty, &c.

## CASE OF DISTRESS.

**THE REV. WILLIAM CHAPPEL SCARGILL**, for some time Minister of the Chapel in Churchgate-street, and latterly a Member of the Established Church, had in the last three years nothing to depend upon for maintenance save the annual proceeds of his literary labours. Under the pressure of pecuniary difficulties and incessant exertion his mind became gradually weakened, an affection of the brain ensued, and, after suffering therefrom several weeks, (during which time he was, with his family, indebted to the kindness of friends for daily support,) he breathed his last on Sunday evening, leaving a Wife and two Sons (one aged 9, the other 7; with means of subsistence for a short time only. A Subscriber for their relief has commenced, and any charitable contributions will be thankfully received by the Rev. H. Haisted, Thomas Robinson, Esq., and Mr. Deck, who will act as trustees for the Widow and Children. In London, subscriptions will be received by Messrs. Barclay & Co. 54, Lombard-street.  
Bury St. Edmunds, Jan. 26, 1836.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

Literary Fund Society. £20 0  
Benevolent Society of Miss Emma Roberts ..... £5 0  
Blues ..... 10 0  
Musical Society of ..... 10 0  
Earl of St. Germans ..... 20 0  
Bishop of London ..... 10 0  
S. C. Robinson, Esq. ..... 10 0  
T. Robinson, Esq. ..... 10 0

## HEBREW LANGUAGE.

A GENTLEMAN who has devoted many years to the Study of the HEBREW, has a few hours in the day disengaged for a short period, and will be happy to render them available to those Ladies and Gentlemen who may wish to improve themselves in that Language and its Literature.  
For Cards apply to Mr. John W. Farber, Bookbinder, West Strand.

**BOOK-SOCIETIES** AND FAMILIES IN EVERY PART OF THE KINGDOM, are now regularly supplied with Books for perusal, including all the new and standard Publications, Magazines, &c. upon new and most advantageous terms to members. Full particulars can be had, or sent per post, on application to EDWARD BULL, LIBRARIAN, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

**AS WAITER.—A YOUNG MAN**, aged 30, who perfectly understands his business, and can be highly recommended. Please apply or direct (post paid) to S. J., at Mr. Rhodes's, Surrey Coal-hole Tavern, next the Surrey Theatre.

## COUNTY FIRE OFFICE, Regent-street.

His Grace the Duke of Rutland, The Rt. Hon. Lord Northwick, land, K.G. G. E. Welby, Esq. M.P.  
The Most Noble the Marquis of Epsom, Esq.  
Barber Beaumont, Esq.  
The Directors of the PROTECTOR FIRE OFFICE having determined to discontinue their business, parties insured therein will naturally look around among other Offices in which they may re-insure most beneficially. The Directors of the COUNTY FIRE OFFICE, therefore, submit to consideration, that in the County Fire Office the insured share in the Profits, after paying losses and the expenses of an economical management, and are exonerated by a large Capital from all personal responsibility. That Returns of 10, 20, 30, and 40 per cent. have been made during the last 22 years, to all who have continued insured 7 years, and to the amount of £30,000—a greater advantage to the Public than has been realized by any other Fire Office.  
Applications from Agents to the late Protector Fire Office to become Agents to the County Fire Office, will be immediately attended to.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in 1 vol. 8vo., illustrated with Original Maps and Drawings of Scenery & Costume.

**NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY to the ZOOLO COUNTRY, in SOUTH AFRICA.** By CAPT. ALLEN F. GARDNER, R.N. London: William Cress, 19, Chancery-lane.

Part 6 price 1s., completing the Work.  
**WESTALL and MARTIN'S ILLUSTRATIONS to the NEW TESTAMENT.**

Contents.—The Parable of the Ten Virgins. The Woman taken in Adultery. The Parable of the Sower. The Opening of the Seventh Seal.  
E. Churton, 26, Holles-street.

Reduced from 3s. 6d. to 2s. 6d.  
**THE COURT MAGAZINE**

LA BELLE AND THE ASSEMBLEE.  
CONTENTS OF THE APRIL NUMBER.  
The Larian Lovers. By the Author of the 'Heliotrope.'  
The Curfew. A Tipperary Tale. No. 1.  
Portraits of distinguished Literati.  
Lines. By Miss Georgiana James.  
Impromptu.

EMBELLISHMENTS.  
PORTRAIT OF THE HON. LADY CUST, from a Painting by W. Bely.  
THREE COLOURED FIGURES OF FEMALE COSTUME, from Original Drawings.  
E. Churton, 26, Holles-street.

**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE**, No. CCXLVI, for APRIL.

Contents: 1. Oxford and Dr. Hampden.—2. Sampayo, the Contractor.—3. Sonnets on the Offices and Fortunes of Poetry, by W. Archer Butler.—4. State of Protestantism in France.—5. Job Pings, the Man who 'couldn't help it.'—6. Alcibiades the Youth.—7. Fanny Fairfield, Part III. Conclusion.—8. The Chevalier d'Ardenne.—9. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre's Works.—10. The Unhidden Guest.—11. Translations from the Greek Anthology, by William Hay.—12. Extracts from the Journals of an Alpine Traveller, No. III.  
William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh; and T. Cadell, Strand, London.

**THE DUBLIN UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE** for APRIL.

Contents:—The State of the Irish Poor—Machiavel, the Florentine Historian, illustrated by a page in the contemporary History of Ireland.—Hibernian Nights.—Fourth Night. Rosabel of Ross, Part Third.—The Orange Institution.—Francesca—1. Fiorelli Italiani. No. 2.—The Irish Corporation Bill.—Gallery of illustrious Irishmen. No. 3; Berkeley, Part I.

Dublin: William Curry, jun. & Co.; Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. London. Sold by all Booksellers in the United Kingdom.

## FRASER for APRIL, No. LXXVI.

price 2s. 6d. contains:  
The Familiar Letters of Cowley, with Notices of his Life, and Sketches of some of his Friends and Contemporaries; now first printed.—Pere la Chaise—Morning Musings, with a Favourite Old Poet—Gallery of Literary Characters. No. 71, with a full-length Portrait of Francis Place, Esq.—Memoirs of a Homicide—Hebrew Idylls, No. IX. Ishmael the Outcast; No. X. Lament for Saul and Jonathan—J. Sheridan Knowles's Plays—Of the Private Life of Lafayette—What is the use of a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland?—Another Caw from the Hookwood! Turn out again!—On the Sea-ford Engine for propelling Vessels instead of Steam, by John Galt.—The Hymn, Statut Mater—Epistles to the Liberator, No. VII. Bowles to York—Sketches of Savage Life, No. III. Tecumseh, Chief Warrior of the Shawanese.—The 'No-Popery' cry—April-Day Sonnets, by Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart.

The JANUARY Number of FRASER'S MAGAZINE for 1835 has been reprinted, to meet the demands of the new Subscribers, who can now commence the Volume which began with the year. The FEBRUARY Number contains twenty-two Papers, viz. four Political (thoroughly Conservative), two Biographical, three Historical, three Poetical, six Critical, two Theatrical, one Ecclesiastical; also two Tales and Narratives; and one Paper on Sporting Matters, by Nimrod. The Portrait for the month is FARADAY the Chemist.

The MARCH Number contains eighteen Papers, viz. three Political (thoroughly Conservative), two Biographical, one Historical, three Poetical, six Critical, and three Tales and Narratives. The Portrait for the month is Bowles the Sonneteer. The cost of this Periodical is only Half-a-crown monthly; and it is supplied at that price by all Booksellers either in town or country.  
215, Regent-street, London.

## THE METROPOLITAN,

for APRIL, contains, among other interesting Papers, the following:  
Snarley-yow, or the Dog Fand. Letters to Brother John, No. 3.  
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